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BUTTER.		TEA.	
Genuine Fancy Vermont Cream-	ery Butter, no better made, lb.....29c	Artes' Teas are perfection. In spite of the low prices at which we sell Teas, we guarantee every pound sold to give satisfaction.	
Butter good and sweet, lb.....24c		Very Best Formosa, lb.....45c	
EGGS.		COFFEE.	
Selected Fresh Eggs, dozen.....32c		All our Coffees are absolutely pure. They have that rich aroma and flavor. Here are two of our Coffee specialties:	
Choice Cooking Eggs, dozen.....23c		Ames' Special Mocha and Java, lb.....29c	
CHEESE.		Choice Blend, lb.....20c	
Mild, full cream, lb.....16c			
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We design and execute descriptions of monuments at work in the best and most appropriate style, employing material which experience has shown to be best fitted to retain its color and quality.

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RUBBER DOOR MATS

FULL SIZE, \$1.00 EACH.

A. P. Wendell & Co.

2 MARKET SQUARE.

BASKETS. LANTERNS.

BARREL HEADERS.

APPLE PARERS AND MEAT CHOPPERS.

KEROSENE OIL.

Rider & Cotton,

66 MARKET STREET.

GREAT BOSTON FIRE.

**Portsmouth Firemen Were There
And Did Great Work.**

**Hundreds Of Buildings Swept Away
And Quite A Few Lives Lost.**

**Local Firemen Were Laughed At
Until They Beat All With A
Record Stream.**

Thirty years ago yesterday occurred the big fire in Boston, the second largest fire in the history of the United States. The first started shortly after seven o'clock the evening before and was not under control until late Sunday afternoon. In that time hundreds of buildings were destroyed and quite a number of lives lost.

Portsmouth was appealed to for help and Kearsarge No. 3, now the quick hitch engine, was dispatched at once with a competent crew and did good service at the old South church.

I. P. Miller in his Sunday correspondence to the Boston Globe has the following interesting article on the work of the local firemen:

A fireman's paper for November has an article on the Pequotette steamer of Watertown, Mass., built in 1871 and recently repaired and made "as good as new", and of the service rendered by her in the great Boston fire of 1872.

In this article it is stated that "the hosemen of steamer Pequotette were given the important post at the corner of Milk street, near the old South meeting house, where the onmarching flames were stayed, and this historic landmark preserved for future generations, and while their main effort was directed to the Transcript building on the opposite corner, it was necessary from time to time to turn the hose on the wooden steeple of the Old South, which caught fire repeatedly during the time the Watertown men were at this post of duty, and but for them and 'old' Pequotette the church would have been doomed, as no other steamer was available, and no water was put upon the building by any other company."

Portsmouth firemen have no desire to belittle the service rendered by the Watertown engine at the great fire, but they decidedly disagree with the statement that the Pequotette saved the Old South, and that no water was put upon the building that disastrous day by any other company but hers.

The Kearsarge steamer of this city, built in the same year as the Pequotette, and, like the latter, still "as good as new"—good enough, at any rate, to be now the steamer of the Portsmouth department's quick-hitch outfit at the Central fire station—was also at the great Boston fire, was at first stationed at a reservoir in Court square and then ordered to the corner of Milk and Washington streets, where she remained until 3:30 p. m., when the fire at that point being out, and elsewhere under control, she was ordered home.

So far from the Watertown engine being the only one to put water on the Old South that day, the most of the water thrown by the Kearsarge after her change of position from the Court square reservoir was put on it. When she arrived at the corner of Milk and Washington streets the steeple was on fire, and streams that had been and were being directed at the lofty blazes were twenty to thirty feet short; but the Kearsarge easily reached the fire with her stream and put it out.

That it was a Portsmouth engine that saved the Old South is not merely talk of the Portsmouth firemen; it was acknowledged in Boston and put on record at the time.

One man of the Kearsarge company who went with the engine on that trip to Boston, thirty years ago yesterday, has ever since been, and is now, attached to the engine; that is George N. Jones, now and for many years, the engineer. Two others of the party are still in the active service of the department, namely, Frank E. Osgood, now fireman of Col. Sigsbee steamer, and Fred T. Folsom, a member of the supply wagon company.

Ira C. Seymour, who was foreman of the Kearsarge company at that time and took the trip to Boston, and afterward became chief of the fire department, later an alderman, member of the board of instruction and police commissioner, and who in the recent election was the labor union candidate

for state senator from the 21st district and the first candidate ever put up by the labor unionists here in opposition to both the old parties, is still active and vigorous enough to render good service as a fireman, but has been out of the department many years.

The Portsmouth firemen say there were two or three Boston engines and one from Providence, R. I., at work in the vicinity of the Old South when the Kearsarge arrived there, and that all of them had tried to extinguish the fire on the steeple, and failed, before the Kearsarge's stream reached it, and went twenty feet higher.

Engineer Jones, speaking of the Kearsarge beating the other engines on that occasion, says she had all the best of the conditions. She was nearly new, and had been run just long enough to be at her very best, and the other engines, being stationed farther away from the church, had considerably longer lines of hose to play through.

For all this the boys were greatly pleased at beating the other machines, not only because it enabled them to save the steeple, but because it gave them a chance to crow over an irreverent fireman attached to one of the Boston engines, who scoffingly alluded to them as "hayseeds" when they came into action at the church, and who later, after the Kearsarge had surpassed the best his engine could do, on being asked by one of the Portsmouth contingent, who had been a sailor before becoming a fireman, "Well, matty, what do you think of the 'hayseeds' now?" laughingly replied, "Well, I guess my fellows are firemen all right."

The service rendered by the Portsmouth firemen and their machine that day has ever since been a source of pride to the members of the local department; and they—and especially those of them who were actual participants—strenuously object to giving the credit for what the Kearsarge did thirty years ago to some other engine.

KITTERY.

Kittery, Me., Nov. 10.

Herbert Fernald, who during the summer was assistant to H. W. Frisbee at the York Harbor and Beach station, at Kittery Point, is now at Hampton on the Eastern division of the Boston and Maine, doing spare work during the absence of Station Agent Sickney.

The tug M. Mitchell Davis has been inspected by the U. S. government inspectors. The above named boat has recently been given an overhauling and her machinery is now in first class working order and runs very smoothly.

The many friends here of Dr. Henry I. Durgin of Eliot will be pleased to learn that the latest reports from his bedside are most encouraging.

So far as is known there has not been a single old-fashioned husking bee here this year.

All the church services on Sunday were well attended.

The coming dramatic entertainment and sale of the Good Templars is being looked forward to with pleasant anticipation.

The local secret societies are without exception rapidly increasing in membership.

Great interest is being taken here in the concert to be given in Portsmouth on Wednesday by Creator's band and many from Kittery will probably attend.

PORTSMOUTH HIGHLY FAVORED

This city is one of five outside of Boston in New England that will have a chance of hearing Creator, the famous bandmaster and his great Italian band, that has set the musical world mad.

In securing a concert for Wednesday afternoon Manager Hartford was obliged to offer a guarantee of an amount sufficient to insure that the band would meet with no loss.

Portsmouth is the only city in this section that will have a chance of hearing this famous band.

Parties from Dover, Newburyport, Exeter and other towns can make the trip by trolley cars and return the same afternoon.

The concert will commence at 2:30. The seats will be reserved and go on sale Monday morning.

A special price will be named for children to any part of the theatre.

INVITATION DANCE.

The graduating class of '02, of the High school, will give a full dress, invitation dance in Police hall on the evening of November 28.

RANDOM GOSSIP.

But few partridges are nowadays being bagged by local hunters and it would seem that the birds have either grown scarce or the hunters have lost interest in this particular game. Fox-hunting is the talk of the day, although not many are being killed.

A Manchester man is said to have collected 12,000 tobacco tags, which he recently forwarded to the manufacturer of the special brand of tobacco which bore the tags and expects a handsome gift in return.

The clerical force at the office of the state board of health is making excellent progress with its card index of the returns of births, marriages and deaths in this state since 1850. So far 115,592 cards have been made, bringing the work up to 1876. It is estimated that 500,000 will have to be used before the work is entirely caught up.

With the exception of the department especially prepared for them, William Dean Howells believes that women may with propriety read the newspapers. "In fine," he says, "outside of the woman's page, a girl, if she is a good girl, may read anything she likes."

Ping pong is put in the same class with billiards and pool, out in Ohio; that is, the game has been placed by the Ohio legislature among those subject to police regulation, the same as pool and billiards. Some one has remarked: "The fellow who has played unsuccessfully for an hour at ping pong is likely to be subject to a fit of insanity, and perhaps that is why the police are supposed to take cognizance of the game's existence."

A good Carrie Nation story was told to me recently, by a traveling man who heard it down in Maine. The apostle of strenuous temperance enforcement, after her unsuccessful engagement at Bangor, took the train for Portland. There was only one vacant seat in the last car she entered and the other half of that was occupied by a partly intoxicated individual. Carrie took the seat, but had not been seated long before the fumes of the other's breath attracted her attention. Turning to him, she said, "You dirty beast, you are drunk." Her companion in the seat made no reply.

Carrie waited for a minute and then continued, "Do you know what I would do if I were your wife?"

"No," replied the intoxicated one.

"Well, I would give you a drink of 'arbolio acid.'"

No reply was made to this for perhaps ten minutes and the other passengers in the neighborhood were speculating on what would happen. Finally the intoxicated individual turned in his seat and said, "Madam, do you know what I would do if I were your husband?"

"Well, what would you do?" replied Carrie.

"I would drink the acid,"

Carrie left the car.

Another good story, this time on Admiral Evans, is going the rounds. The occasion of the anecdote related was the presentation of an honorary sword to the admiral by the people of Iowa after the close of the Spanish-American war. The presentation took place at the Evans home in Washington. At the close of the formalities "Bob" said: "Step into this room; We'll have a cigar and a toddy." Leading the way into a cozy den, Capt. Evans went on: "I ran out of my favorite brand of whiskey yesterday and was compelled to stock up with some that I don't know much about. But here is some brandy that I do know something about; it has been in this house for more than twenty years."

Turning to Representative Hull, he added, "Which will you take, governor?"

"Just hand over that whiskey decanter," responded Mr. Hull.

"Why, what's the matter with the brandy?" asked Evans in a tone of surprise.

"I don't know, Bob," said Hull, "but if you have had it in the house for twenty years without drinking it there must be something the matter with it. I'll take the whiskey."

Boston bills this week: Colonial, Mrs. Patrick Campbell; Hollis, The Wilderness; Museum, Charles Hawtrey; Tremont, E. S. Willard; Boston, The Old Homestead; Grand Opera House, Albion and Gaston; Music Hall, Old Sluith; Columbia, The De-

fender; Park, Josephine; Castle Square, Phroso; Bowdoin Square, The Power of the Cross; Keith's, vaudeville.

"The summer boarders, or the newspapers—cheaper magazines or the trolley cars—the ladies' clubs or the grange—anyway, something has changed the country people for the better," said a Boston man to me. "I noticed this the other day when I met an excursion train from far up in New Hampshire, at the North station in Boston. A few years ago, the appearance of the people on these annual excursions gained them the name of 'The Hayseed Excursion.' The other day the worst looking people I saw in the crowd at the station were among the city folk who were gathered to see the fun or meet friends."

A recent trip to Boston has led me to give this pointer to hotel managers and the superintendents of rolling stock on railroads—have the windows so that a person can open them without losing the skin off every knuckle or having to use a jimmy.

Hard coal is dropping, but in most cities the sound is nothing like that dull thud of which we used to read.

When the nights are cold and windy, when the streets are clogged with snow, When the parlor's too blamed cold a place for cooling doves to go, Will the fire that burns in dotting eyes, and penetrates the soul, Stop shivers running up their backs, as once was done by coal?

The South end youth had adopted the pompadour method of combing his hair and his father didn't like it. The latter had an idea that there was only one sensible and manly way to comb the hair and that was to part it on the side—either side. Everything else was foolish and affected his opinion. Only a woman was privileged to take liberties with old established methods. "Young man," he said, as he looked the youth over, "you look like a fool."

There was no discussion, and shortly thereafter an old friend of the family came in.

"It's startling," he said, by way of pleasant comment, "how much you resemble your father."

"So he's just been telling me," answered the youth.

The old gentleman looked hard at his son for a moment.

"Well," he conceded at last, "I guess your brain hasn't been affected by your fool notions of hair dressing as yet."

AT THE NAVY YARD.

Captain A. P. Nazro, U. S. N., passed Sunday in Boston.

Gunner W. E. Whitehead, U. S. N., reported at the yard on Saturday.

The Raleigh will prove a credit to the workmen at this yard when she leaves.

There is some doubt as to whether the Alliance will reach this station the present month.

Lieut Smith and Mrs. Smith are golf enthusiasts and they are at the local links quite frequently.

There appears to be no doubt but that the Raleigh will go into commission on December 1st.

The friends of the yard are hoping that some of the new buildings will be got under way before congress meets.

Passed Assistant Surgeon J. M. Moore, U. S. N., has been detached from the Indiana and ordered to the Raleigh.

There is sufficient work in the boat shop at the yard to warrant the calling on of all the men discharged in that department.

The U. S. S. Nevada, now nearing completion at Bath, is expected at the yard on December 1st. Her stores are being assembled.

Chief Gunner Patrick Lynch, U. S. N., who has been ordered to the Raleigh, has been granted a week's leave and will leave on Wednesday for New York, with his family, where they will reside. Gunner Lynch is one of the most popular officers of his corps that has ever been on duty here and his friends regret that he is going away.

J. A. and A. W. Walker have reduced the price of anthracite coal to \$9.00 a ton and announce that a further reduction may be expected.

"MARRED BY SLUGGING."

According to the account of Saturday's Maplewood-Newburyport A. C. game which appeared in this morning's Newburyport Herald, the visitors didn't take the result of the contest with very good grace. Here's an extract:

The Newburyport Athletic club football team went to Portsmouth Saturday and in the language of the song: "They'll Never Go There Any More." They played the Maplewood Athletic club team, whose ideas of football seemed to be not to advance the ball when they had it or oppose the progress of their opponents when they did not, but to see how many they could put out of the game. There was some excellent material in the Portsmouth team, active, snappy men, but they did not know the game and their work was unspeakably dirty and rough. After the first scrimmage a burly ruffian named Harry Clark, who played center, walked up to N. A. C. center and when the latter was not in the least expecting it, dealt him such a blow as to render him senseless. Of course Clark was put out of the game by the referee, but it seemed a small punishment for such a vile act.

Then the field was another horrible nightmare. The ground sloped to about a three per cent. grade, the grass was long and the field full of holes.

Portsmouth won the toss and of course won the down hill course. Neither side seemed to be able to make gains.

When Portsmouth had the football they were stopped every time and forced to punt. The Newburyports seemed demoralized when they tried to advance the ball and could not make their distances. The line was weak and twice was broken through and attempted punts blocked.

NEWINGTON.

Newington, Nov. 10.

The W. C. T. U. met with Mrs. William Pickering on Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 4. A very interesting meeting was held. Half of the members and one visitor were present. After the devotional services, the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mrs. Frink as secretary, was filled by the election of Mrs. Lizzie Cole Pickering. Mrs. Pickering was also chosen superintendent of Temperance Literature; Miss Abbie Frink, superintendent of Scientific Temperance Instruction. Following came reports of the observance of Miss Willard's birthday, also the report of the state convention held at Manchester, by the president of the society.

Mrs. Albert Hodgdon left on Sunday for Sheldiac, N. B., called there by the serious illness of a brother.

N. C. Ransom of Mattapoisett, Mass., who has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. Darius Frink, returned home on Saturday.

Mrs. Henry Rand and son of Rye passed Friday with Mrs. Benton Hoyt. Miss Esther Adams of Portsmouth has been the guest for several days of her cousin, Beth Hoyt.

Miss Amanda Pickering returned on Saturday from Boston and vicinity, where she had been passing a few days.

Miss Della Cate passed Saturday in York.

Norman Beane of Brentwood passed Sunday in town.

Mrs. Fannie Hoyt Cowles and daughter of Roxbury, Mass., are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hoyt.

A repetition of the drama Diamonds and Hearts, was given at the town hall last Friday night. A goodly number was present and enjoyed the entertainment, after which a short time was devoted to dancing.

Mrs. Howe has returned from a visit with relatives in Newmarket.

A TROLLEY RIDE

Over the new line FROM

PORTSMOUTH TO

EXETER

Would not be complete without

MEALS AT

SQUAMSCOTT

N. S. Willey, **HOUSE** Proprietor

EXETER, N. H.

ACCUSES MASON.

Perry, The Negro, Makes A Serious Charge.

Says The Sosp cld Man Gave Him The Watches.

Counsel For The D. A. C. Not Worried By The Accusation.

Boston, Nov. 9.—After having given out last night the confession made by the young negro, George L. O. Perry, with reference to selling the watches taken from the murdered women Miss Clara Morton and Miss Agnes McPhee, the police admitted today that Perry declares that Alan G. Mason is the man from whom he received those articles.

This admission of the police was made just before young Perry was taken to the jail in East Cambridge where Mason, who is the prominent Boston man under arrest on the charge of killing Miss Morton, is confined, pending a hearing in the Cambridge court on Tuesday. Mason betrayed no knowledge of having seen Perry before.

Another visitor at the police station later in the day was Mr. Wear, Mason's attorney, who was accompanied by a middle aged woman. This woman did not see Perry, but it was understood that she had been produced by the defence in the hope of showing that Perry himself or some other negro was the real "Jack the Sluggish." She is one of the women who were followed by a negro in Cambridge several weeks ago.

The defence is proceeding today on the theory that it was a negro who murdered Miss Morton and Miss McPhee and committed the other murderous assaults.

Mr. Wear places no faith in the accusation of Perry that it was Mason who gave the boy the watches. Perry had to account for his possession of them and the most reasonable way was to say that were given to him by a man already under arrest and one whom he had seen on the streets of Cambridge and could easily identify.

A DANGEROUS BLAZE.

Several Persons Threatened With Death In Boston.

Boston, Nov. 9.—Several persons were in danger of death or injury for a few moments during a tenement house fire in East Boston this afternoon.

The blaze was in the dry goods store of John McWeeney on Meridian street, the four stories above which are used as tenements. The fire was confined to the store, the entire stock being destroyed. The loss is \$30,000.

STILL MISSING.

Supt. Egan Of Great Northern Cannot Be Found.

KallsPELL, Mon., Nov. 9.—There have been no new developments in the search for Supt. Egan of the Great Northern, notwithstanding that the reward of \$1000 has attracted more men into the district. It is almost impossible to get through the country except on snow shoes.

Dr. Houston has given up all hope of Egan being alive.

ASHORE ON GREAT LEDGE.

Unknown Lumber Laden Schooner In A Perilous Position.

Woods Hole, Mass., Nov. 9.—Advices from Cuttyhunk state that an unknown schooner apparently lumber laden, is ashore on Great Ledge. The life saving crew cannot get to her assistance on account of the heavy sea and northeast gale.

PUMPING STATION WRECKED.

Explosion Of A Boiler Destroys A Building And Kills Two Men.

New York, Nov. 9.—Two men were killed and one of the pumping stations of the city's water supply system in Queen's borough was totally destroyed today by the explosion of one of the two big boilers which furnished power for the pumps.

ALABAMA AND MASSACHUSETTS SAIL.

New York, Nov. 9.—The United States battleships Alabama and Mass-

achusetts sailed today for Cuba in the Caribbean sea.

WHEN HIS FAMILY WAS AWAY.

A Situation That Had To Be Cleared Up For The Sake Of A Young Woman.

Many a man has come to grief through the carelessness of speech. It is easier to suspect evil than to credit good, and the most apparently trifling showing of thoughtlessness of word of mouth may cause life-long impressions at once as damaging as they are unfounded. Up on Columbia Heights is a young man who poses neither as a saint nor a sinner; but he is a sadder and wiser man as the result of an experience he had several days ago.

A young lady whose home is in Atlantic City recently came to Washington to visit at this young man's home; but the members of his family unknown to her, had been detained in New England on their summer outing. Mr. X, the young man, alone represented the family in town, and as the young lady had been invited as the guest of the family he arranged for her entertainment as an apartment house on Columbia Heights, not far from his home.

"How long will she be here?" asked the clerk.

"I don't know," answered X, "it depends on how soon my family will be home. I'm arranging for her because my folks are away."

The clerk smiled, but it was lost on X, who was in a hurry to get down town. The trunks arrived, also the ferry girl, and she was comfortably ensconced in the rooms reserved for her. Incidentally, she was a very charming girl, and X had not been slow to appreciate that fact.

Now, it so happened that Dr. and Mrs. Blank, who have apartments close to those she occupied were old friends of her parents. Mrs. Blank mentioned to the clerk how gratified she was that her young friend from Atlantic City had apartments near them, and that Mr. X, of whom the young lady had spoken, had been able to make such comfortable arrangements for her.

"Yes," replied the clerk rather doubtfully, "his wife and family are away, and he has been taking her out some where every evening."

"His family away!" repeated the old lady, shocked that her young friend had been accepting the attentions of a married man.

"Yes," replied the clerk; "he told me his family is away, and he's told them."

The Blanks were indignant, and decided to administer some wholesome advice somewhere, in view of the absence of the parents of the young lady. They applied to X to cease embarrassing the young lady. He asked what they meant.

"You confided to the clerk that the only reason Miss So and So is here is because your family is away."

"Certainly, that's true."

"Well," persisted the good doctor "What the dickens do you, a married man, mean by showing such devotion to another young lady than your own wife? Everybody is talking about it."

"A married man! My wife!" ejaculated the surprised X.

"Yes; and you've been telling everybody your family is out of town."

Then like a flash, the true situation dawned upon him.

"Oh, Lord!" he exclaimed. "I'm not married yet. My family consists of my mother, sister and brother—exchange."

MUCH FOREIGN COAL.

Boston Receives Over Fourteen Thousand Tons On Sunday.

Boston, Nov. 9.—The arrivals of foreign coal cargoes at this port today amounted to 14,810 tons, but the heavy weather along the coast prevented a single barge or schooner coming in with domestic coal.

SPOKE ABOUT THE TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE.

After a very helpful sermon by Rev. W. H. Ramsay of Salem, Mass., at the Unitarian church yesterday morning, an interesting description of the work and needs of the Tuskegee Industrial Institute for colored students, was given by Mr. Robert W. Taylor, a representative of that famous school. Mr. Taylor, who in the opinion of many of his hearers is as eloquent as Booker T. Washington, and is his equal as a speaker, was listened to with absorbed attention by the congregation as he showed what a great work is being done by the Tuskegee Institution, and how eminently worthy it is of the most generous support.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Effective Bromo Quinine Tablets. This signature is on every box.

WHEN REUBEN COMES TO TOWN.

HILL'S

CASCARA

QUININE

BROMIDE

CURES COLDS IN 24 HOURS.

CURES LAGRIFFE IN 3 DAYS.

35 TABLETS FOR 25 CENTS.

BE SURE TO GET HILL'S. IT IS THE ONLY GENUINE.

AMUSING BOOK TITLES.

Readers Who Do Not Know Works Or Authors.

A diminutive specimen of the genus small boy walked into a circulating library the other day, and pushing his card over the desk asked for "a book from Adam till now." No history that could be named seemed to be quite what he wanted, and, remarking respectfully that his mother "was sure they'd have it at a big library like that," he at last departed.

The average attendant in the free circulating libraries of the city gradually acquires a power of divination amounting at times to positive genius. Circumstances, in fact, render such equipment necessary. For instance, an inquiry for a "rectory book" the assistant official at once translates and supplies with some standard rhetoric; "Red Potash" and "For Better, for Worse," are confidently selected from among the works of Mary Cholmondeley and Mary Johnston. "The Young Man from Illinois" is easily intelligible when one recalls that state as next door to Indiana, and even the "Internal City" can be supplied without difficulty.

But when one is asked for "the book that is almost a sequel to the Crisis," or for "Los Angeles," one has to take a moment to consider. Supplementary information regarding the latter was to the effect that "a man named something like 'Roasting' wrote it" and resulted in "L'Aiglon" and satisfaction. A funny little old person of the hand-bag fraternity ambled up to a librarian in one of the smaller entries and, producing a battered yellow card, asked for "a book," adding that she was "a great reader from childhood."

"What sort of a book would you like?" asked the attendant.

"Oh, it doesn't much matter," came his answer, "just anything that'll fit my bag here." "The Flowers of Kingfisher" and "When Chivalry was a B.C.M." are easy enough, but when one is importuned for "that book about a flood" the Bible is perhaps the last volume suggested, and yet in this particular instance it proved the very book desired.

"Is this fiction or a story?" is a frequent question.

"Please tell me where the gentleman's books are kept," was the request in a branch where members are allowed to browse about among the shelves.

"I don't want any book that begins with I," asserted a midget who prefers stories in the third person.

A little colored girl presented a card in which she had been sent for a "book of affliction," and another proxy inquired for the "author of Oakleigh Oakleigh." A little girl who wanted to use the dictionary returned from her table where it was placed for her to ask if there "wasn't some other book that would explain the meanings the dictionary gave."

A boy who asked solemnly for a certain history of the United States fairly beamed when told it was in use. "Then give me Robinson Crusoe," he returned, joyfully.

"My mamma wants 'Elizabeth's German Garden,'" announced a small person whose eyes were scarcely on a level with the desk, "cause we're going to plant some buds this year, but he said sure you've got it, because nobody really wrote it, you know." A little boy asked if he might be "excluded" from the library, as his father was going to move uptown and he would be nearer another branch.

A librarian who went to the study of a prominent author in the city, an excellent man and authority on social statistics, to catalogue and shelf the heterogeneous mass of books, noted a shade of disappointment on the renowned doctor's countenance as he surveyed the finished work.

"I think you'll find everything in the most accessible order," suggested he, "The books are classed by authors, subjects and—"

"Yes," interrupted the orderly and methodical statistician. "But don't think they would have looked better if you had put all of a size together?"

"I want a book," began a well-dressed woman, resting up to the eck of an up-town circulating library, but I can't remember its name, and he gathered—well, you'll know the author of course. My sister-in-law had it, but she moved, and I don't want to write to her anyway. I don't like her much. It was about this big,

measuring with her daintily gloved hands on the book rack, "and it was dark green, and—What was it about? Oh, I can hardly tell you—extracts from a number of writers on various subjects. I'm particularly anxious to get it again. You must know the book I mean. Every well-read person is familiar with it." Here the attendant tried to suppress a smile. "Why, what's the use of being here if you don't know anything about books?" And she frowned out, anathematizing the gross ignorance of librarians in general.

"Can you tell me," began another young woman, sweetly distributing some half-dozen packages over the "latest books" rack and resting her elbows upon them as she scanned her list, "oblivious of the bystanders waiting to select from the snowed-under volumes, 'can you tell me how many yards of forty-six-inch—oh, no, that's the wrong side. Can you tell me who is Kipling's favorite author?'"

"The librarian could not. 'The Idea' exclaimed his interlocutor, "a simple question like that! Why, don't you have to pass examinations or something to get in here? And yet you don't know that! Well, you certainly can tell me," again consulting her list.

"For which of Browning's poems he received the most money. I really must know that; it is one of the questions I have to answer at our literary circle tomorrow." The attendant offered a book of reference where the information could probably be found. "Why, I haven't time to look through that thing," was the answer. "I thought, of course, you'd know that instantly. I declare, it's really too provoking!" and she indignantly gathered up her parcels and swept out.

"But it everybody was perfectly sensible and reasonable," concluded the exasperated individual who recounted the above, "it really wouldn't be nearly so amusing, do you think so?"

Restoration of Wheelmen's League.

The plan to restore the League of American Wheelmen to something of the power and prestige it enjoyed in the early days of the bicycle will be commenced in various quarters, particularly among those who recognized the good it accomplished and who regretted to see its membership dwindle from many thousands to a few hundreds. In its day and generation the L. A. W. did valuable service for the public, notably in forwarding the good roads movement, as well as securing the rights of wheelmen on the highways of nearly every state. Though the days of bicycling as a fad are happily passed and the fashionable folk have turned from it to the newer sports of golfing and automobilizing, the wheel has by no means been relegated to the position of a worn-out toy. Its use as a practical conveyance and for wholesome exercise has steadily increased in town and country, and this year there has been quite a marked revival in wheeling.

With the view of restoring the League of American Wheelmen to its former place in the esteem of all who use the bicycle it is proposed to make it a national touring association. The effort will be to encourage the popularization of the many picturesque and historic routes and scenes in this country which Americans are too apt to neglect through ignorance of the beauties of their own country. Such a project would seem to furnish a field for work in which the league's usefulness could be indefinitely prolonged. The motor bicycle now furnishes a link between the wheel and the automobile, and there should be little difficulty in arranging co-operation between the L. A. W. and the motor car clubs for the objects outlined in the new plan—"good roads, liberal road rights and privileges, better hotel accommodations and an appreciation of the country's natural beauties and historic glory."

A New Steering Device.

A British engineer's new device for steering twin screw steamships consists of a special throttle valve attached to each set of engines, the valves being connected to a tiller by bell cranks and link work. When the tiller is moved either way from its central position, one throttle valve reduces the steam of its set of engines, diminishing the speed of its screw to a degree varying with that of the turning of the tiller.

BIG FIRE AT BEAVER FALLS.

Beaver Falls, Pa., Nov. 9.—The extensive plant of the Keystone Driller company was almost totally burned today at a loss of \$100,000.

The ROMANCE OF A HIGH HAT

By Everett Holbrook

Copyright, 1901, by Charles B. Eberington

WILMOT paused at the edge of the steps, ostensibly to light a cigar, but really to avoid walking down the avenue with Ziegfeld, who had come out of the house at the same time. Both the young men had been calling upon Miss Corey. They had arrived simultaneously, had spent a half hour uncomfortably in the drawing room and had gone together, though neither of them knew how that had happened.

Ziegfeld turned as the match flared up and drew a cigar from his pocket, but Wilmot calmly kindled his own Havana, threw down the burned match and started off briskly without having spoken a word.

Ziegfeld elevated his shoulders and made a peculiar gesture with his hands spread out and the palms to the front, as if dismissing a subject. Then he strolled up to the corner, glanced at his watch under the electric light there, crossed the way and walked down upon the other side.

There was a gusty wind, and it lifted the high hat off Wilmot's head, but he caught it in his hand just as it was beginning to soar and set it back firmly. It felt untidy, and he became aware of something under the inside band. This proved to be a bit of dainty writing paper, folded, and upon opening it Wilmot read:

Come back after that animal has gone. I have something important to say.

G. C. It was Miss Corey's hand, and the message was very welcome. Wilmot was rejoiced that she should call Ziegfeld an animal; she had always seemed to like him. This was the first intimation that she knew what he really was. As to that, it had lain upon Wilmot's conscience that he had not told the girl more about Ziegfeld, whom he believed to be a real of the worst description—a scheming, spying, underhand rascal.

He put the note into his waistcoat pocket and was about to replace the hat, which meanwhile he had held in his hand, when he suddenly became aware that it was not his. It was from the same maker, but it was a different hat—Ziegfeld's, certainly!

Wilmot felt the blood rush to his head and sing in his ears. If the hat were Ziegfeld's, whose must the note be? And who was meant by "that animal?"

The thing was monstrous; common sense told him so at once. It must be that Grace had made a mistake in the hats. He could not be tricked into misery by so simple a device of fate. Only in the comedies of the stage do foolish men rush to such insane conclusions.

"She scribbled that note," said he, "when she went to get the cards for the kids"—referring to Miss Corey's little brother and sister. "She got the cards out of the desk, and then she went out into the hall and told the children that they could have that small table to play upon. My hat and gloves were on that table, and she knew it. She knew that Ziegfeld's hat was hanging on that old fashioned thing by the door. She couldn't have been mistaken."

Wilmot wiped his forehead, which seemed to him to be steaming in the frosty air.

"Her brother Bobby," he continued, "took my things and put them with Ziegfeld's, but Grace did not go near them after that. The only chance she had to fix that note was while the two hats were separate, and, by jingo, I remember her standing by the door and telling Bobby where to put my things! She said 'Mr. Wilmot's!'"

"Can it be a case of 'enfant terrible'?" No, for I had my eye on Bobby. I could see him through the doorway. He didn't touch Ziegfeld's hat. But Grace might have done so—must have, in fact. By heaven, this is terrible!"

He adjusted Ziegfeld's hat upon his head, though in a calmer moment he would not have endured its touching him, and strode back toward the house.

He had not a very clear idea what he should do there, but it must be an act of refined and gentlemanly desperation with an epigram or two in it. Before he had taken many steps he perceived Ziegfeld, who was upon the opposite side of the avenue in conversation with two men whom he had met in front of a club.

As Wilmot's eye was on him, Ziegfeld turned away and started up the avenue.

"He is going back to her house," muttered Wilmot.

But why should he do that? He could not have read the message. Yet not even Ziegfeld would venture to re-

pentance. But—Well, you know me? "Goodby," said Ziegfeld kindly. "I will remember what you say. And—don't think about her. She'll understand. We've talked it all over. She couldn't bring herself to tell you, but I said, 'Grace, the'—"

Wilmot swore a round oath that made the air fairly stagger. Then he turned and fled down the avenue. Ziegfeld watched him with a smile.

Thinking, thinking, thinking, Wilmot hurried along, not knowing where he was going.

A mile away, he suddenly hailed a cab, sprang into it and was whirled back again to the door of the Corey house.

The girl herself was in the big hall. The children were just concluding their game of cards by the fire.

"Grace," said he, "did you write a note to me?"

"Of course I did," she answered. "Isn't it that which brings you here?"

"You put it in my hat?" said he.

"No," she replied; "in your gloves. I just tucked it into one of them. Didn't you get it?"

"Oh, my!" said Bobby. "It must have been that which fell on the floor when I put the things on the rack. But you needn't look for it, Grace. Mr. Ziegfeld picked it up when he came out and put it inside his hat."

"Precisely," said Wilmot. "Then he laid the hat down, and I got it. Afterward we changed hats, and he got it. I won't say just how that happened, but he pretended that it was his and that he knew you'd written it to him and that you and he had discussed me as an animal and that I'd better go to Europe."

"The villain!" exclaimed Grace. "He'd better go there himself!"

"He'd better not," rejoined Wilmot. "I'd take him over into Belgium and shoot him! But, Grace, this relieves my mind. I thought you liked him, and I couldn't quite bring myself to tell you what sort of man he is. And now—now you know."

Saving the Majority.

In early days out west the administration of justice was not, perhaps, all it should have been. When the Northern Pacific railroad was in course of construction, Samuel Gustine Thompson, the eminent corporation lawyer, went as far as the railroad would take him in the early days when Jay Cooke was building the Northern Pacific. When he returned, he called on Mr. Cooke at his office in Philadelphia. Mr. Cooke asked him to tell him something about the country. "Can it be possible," Mr. Thompson asked him, "that you are putting all your money into a country you have never seen?" Continuing, Mr. Thompson said: "He said it was. I told him this incident: In one of the sparsely settled districts a man convicted of murder was called up before the judge for sentence. The judge angrily began by saying, 'John Smith, when I ran for office in this district there were seven qualified voters here. Four were Republicans, and three were Democrats. I was a Republican candidate and elected by a majority of one. You have killed that majority, and it is the sentence of the court!'"

"Hold on, judge," said the culprit; "reckon we can fix that. If you will let me go, I'll vote the Republican ticket next election."

"Sentence suspended," said the judge, "but if I'm not re-elected, may God have mercy on your soul!"—Chicago Chronicle.

An Abashed Reporter.

An amusing incident occurred just previous to General Hunter's retirement from the command of the Shenandoah army. Like General Grant, it was the habit of Hunter to wear a private's blouse while resting in camp, which made him look like anything but an army commander. One afternoon a correspondent rode up to the line of tents and, seeing a soldier sitting at the foot of a tree quietly smoking a Virginia corncob pipe, asked where he could find General Hunter.

"The old man is somewhere about," replied the soldier coolly.

"Well, just hold my horse, will you, while I go in search of the general?"

"Certainly," and the man rose obediently and took the bridle.

"General Hunter?" said the adjutant general, when the correspondent renewed his inquiry. "He's somewhere about. Why, there he is, holding that horse. What does it mean?"

The correspondent turned on his heel, went to the horse and, mounting, rode off in silence, while the general resumed his seat on the ground and laughed until the tears came into his eyes. The correspondent sought another field for the exercise of his talents, not caring to face the ridicule awaiting him.

She Read the Sign.

One day last week a woman entered a trolley car in the Ridgewood station, on the outskirts of Brooklyn. She was accompanied by three very small children and a larger son. The boy was about fifteen years old and one of those long, lanky fellows who haven't had time to grow in all directions. He was very tall.

The car was empty. The mother told him to stretch himself out full length on one of the seats. Then she instructed the three other children to sit on him.

When the conductor came to collect the fare, the woman handed him 5 cents.

"What do you mean by this?" shouted the conductor. "I suppose you want me to believe he is under age?"

"Certainly," replied the jolly matron. "Isn't he under three?"—New York Times.



I used to crave my cup of tea, Altho' 'twould often disagree, But now I say, just you give me

Cream of Chocolate

—MOTHER SAGACITY.

As a general beverage for breakfast, luncheon or supper, Cream of Chocolate is infinitely superior to anything else drank by the American people. It is a new scientific preparation of the cocoa bean, combined with pure sugar and pure rich cream. It is instantly prepared with only the addition of boiling water. Pure, convenient, economical. All chefs endorse its use wherever chocolate is needed for culinary purposes.

Mrs. Violet Savburn, Instructor of Journal Cooking School, Chicago, says: "It certainly merits all the high compliments paid it."

Coupon found in every 1/4 lb. can makes you eligible for grand prize contest for recipes for our new recipe book.

1/4 lb. 20 cents. Ask your dealer—if he cannot supply send 25 cents and we will pay you a 1/4 lb. can. CREAM OF CHOCOLATE CO., Danvers, Mass.

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Tuesday Afternoon, Nov. 12.

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MAJESTIC REVIVAL OF

THE TWO SISTERS

A GLORIOUS PLAY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE OF ALL AGES, BY

DENMAN THOMPSON

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AUTHORS OF

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PRESENTED WITH EVERY ADVANTAGE.

Pr ces 35c, 50c and 75c

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TOWN BETTERMENT.

HOW AN IMPROVEMENT LEAGUE BEAUTIFIED BAY RIDGE.

Cleaner Streets, Neater Front and Back Yards and Many Other Changes For the Better Since the Organization Began Work.

Bay Ridge, a suburb of Brooklyn, has been improved greatly in the last few months owing to the work of the Woman's Improvement league. Its streets are cleaner than ever before, its front and back yards have been beautified with flowers and plants, and the whole place has changed for the better since the league began work.

The Woman's Improvement league is the outgrowth of the Bay Ridge Reading club, which has met weekly on Thursday mornings for fifteen years, says the New York Tribune. Until last June the club had confined itself to literary matters and occasional luncheons and lectures, but the unkempt condition of certain neighboring streets led its members to consider means for bettering conditions. The day the public schools closed the society was officially organized, and the members left the first meeting in carriages for flying trips to the schools in order to get hearings with the children before they should be scattered for the summer.

Eight awards were offered—first, second and third prizes of \$5, \$3 and \$2 respectively, for the greatest improvement in the back yards and the same for front yards to the middle of the street; \$3 for the best window box in a home where there was no ground to cultivate and \$5 for the largest number of contributing members added to the club. The children were to do all the work of the yards. About fifty children entered the lists. Visits were made by members of the club about July 1 to the houses of all the enrolled competitors and conditions were carefully noted. Suggestions for laying out and planting the gardens were also made. Rounds were again made before the opening of school to note the change.

A condition of the test was that the competitors must not only keep their gardens free from weeds and disorder and their plants in healthy condition, but they must also pick up paper, old cans and all rubbish wherever they saw it scattered in the streets. To insure success in the last undertaking an appeal was sent to the authorities for rubbish cans to be placed at school-houses and at the junction of certain streets. The appeal was heeded promptly, and the receptacles are now dotted through Bay Ridge.

The most thickly populated blocks of Bay Ridge are made up of two family houses, and it was for the benefit of children occupying the second floors of such buildings that the prize for window boxes was offered. This effort has met with less enthusiasm. Landlords object to the placing of window boxes in tenement house windows, as they disfigure the sills. The neighbors on lower floors, too, are likely to remonstrate against the dripping of water over their windows from upper floors. Then if the houses have blinds the boxes furnish an obstacle. It is probable that hereafter prizes will be offered for thrifty house plants.

So far about \$20 in ten cent annual fees has been brought in by the youngsters, meaning an added membership to the league of about 200. The children themselves constitute the associate members of the league and the grown ups, who pay the 10 cents yearly, the contributing members. Each child wears a button bearing a device in the form of a tree and the legend, "Improvement League."

Other committees of the league are devoted respectively to sanitation, cleanliness, the care of trees, of new streets and the gaining of better traveling facilities for the population. The chairman of the sanitation committee tracks strange odors to their sources and reports unsavory conditions to the powers that be. The president both of the league and of the reading club heads the tree committee. She has obtained from the authorities a permanent permit for the league to trim and tend all trees, with the permission of their owners, without further license. This committee discovered that certain pipes were being placed under the sidewalk of Third avenue instead of through the middle of the street, thus making the successful planting of trees along that thoroughfare an impossibility. Word was sent to the borough hall, and the pipes were laid in their proper place. The widening of Third avenue necessitated the removal of the large old trees lining it. The new street committee sees that when thoroughfares are cut through the work is continued until they are passable for vehicles.

In speaking of their work recently the treasurer of the organization said: "The prizes offered by the Woman's Improvement league of Bay Ridge to the school children of that district for the most carefully kept yards have proved a wonderful stimulus to the young gardeners. In some cases plots that were in the worst condition when school closed are among the best kept now. The parents of the children have shown the greatest enthusiasm in the effort, and their encouragement to the girls and boys has been of the greatest aid."

A Prize For Neat Premises.
The El Paso Good Roads association offered a cash prize to the residents of any one block in the city who shall have done the best work, from July 21 to Aug. 15, in clearing away weeds, cleaning ditch boxes and maintaining a neat appearance about his premises. The idea contains a happy suggestion.

Good highways are an excellent advertisement for a town.

USEFUL SOCIETIES.

Highways Should Be Wide and Neatly Kept.

A narrow residential street may be a very attractive one if the houses stand well back from the street line, with pleasant grounds about them, says Sylvester Baxter in the September Century. In a growing town, however, the danger from such conditions comes with the liability to convert the street to business purposes or to erect more compactly disposed dwellings. If business comes in, the transition is commonly marked by jagged lines. Commercial structures, often of a cheap and undesirable aspect, are built out to the street, while the dwellings stand recessed back at irregular intervals. And when at last the street is fully occupied for business purposes it is altogether too narrow. The roadway and sidewalks are cramped, and often a widening has to take place at the public expense. If built up closely to the line with dwellings, the street is likely to lack air and sunshine, and the tendency is toward squalid conditions.

An excellent remedy for these evils is offered in the Massachusetts law that empowered municipalities to establish building lines at any desired distance back from the street line. When such a line is established, no buildings can be erected on the intervening space. The municipality acquires an easement in this strip of land, which can still be used by the owner for anything but building purposes, and on the establishment of such a line owners may claim damages, as in case of takings for a street widening. It is, however, commonly more of a benefit than a damage to have property thus restricted, for it assures a more permanently desirable character to the street, and in case a street widening should ever be called for no obstacles will stand in the way. By taking the restricted strips there will be ample room for the wider roadway and sidewalks.

Ideals for attractive street planning are to be found in many parts of the United States. There is nothing more charming as a rural street than that of a New England village at its best—lofty aisles of leafage, the trees with feet in a carpet of turf at the sidewalk border; the houses quiet and unobtrusive, standing well back and marked with the true home character, whether they are humble cottages or abodes of the rich. The noblest development of such rural streets is to be found in the old towns of the Connecticut valley and in western Massachusetts. There the main highways have an extraordinary generous width, often giving room for quadruple rows of old elms and broad spaces of turf, the roadway requiring only a narrow space in the total width of the thoroughfare.

CLEAN TOWNS.

They Attract Home-seekers and Grow Very Rapidly.

It doesn't cost much and is very little trouble to keep a town clean if the citizens will co-operate and do their share in the matter. And there is no better advertisement for a town. Home-seekers will go to a clean town just as one will go to a clean store to buy his goods.

Of course the schools should be kept clean as an example to the young, and to prevent the lodgment and propagation of disease of any kind the streets and alleys ought to receive more careful attention. The latter especially are too often made the receptacles of all kinds of filth that in summer spreads infection broadcast. In cold weather the nuisance is almost as dangerous. There must of necessity be a deal of mud and slush this winter on all our sidewalks, but if each householder will exercise a little care in keeping the walk in front of his house properly cleaned the exceedingly unpleasant effects of it may be to a large extent overcome. If attention is given this matter, a necessary walk about town would be a pleasure instead of a regret, and sociability would be promoted. Nothing gives more agreeable first impressions of a city or town than the cleanliness of its streets, stores and public places, and it may draw to us many inhabitants and large investments.

Protection of Street Trees.
If a tree has been well scrapped of the cocoons that contain the eggs, it may be protected from the caterpillars that are allowed to develop on neighboring trees by a band of tar or other viscid substance painted around the trunk and renewed from time to time so that it will not get dry. There is no perfect protection, however, since caterpillars suspend themselves by silk fibers of their own spinning and are wafted when thus suspended from an infected to a noninfected tree. An occasional spraying of the tree's leaves with a solution of paris green or london purple will poison the caterpillars without hurting the trees. All these precautions, if persevered in, would soon end the caterpillar pest.

Clubwomen Improve Village.
There is one woman's club in the country which does all its work in the summer—the Woman's Improvement Association of Point o' Woods, N. Y. It is made up of women from the summer cottage colony, many of them New York clubwomen. The society was organized four years ago for village improvement. Last summer it erected a memorial costing \$700 to Margaret Fuller, whose death by shipwreck occurred off this point. This summer the society has built a fine pavilion on the shore. It sustains semi-weekly dances for the benefit of the young people and has in view a tennis court as the next object of its effort. It keeps a vigilant eye on the order, cleanliness and sanitation of the place.

TOWN BETTERMENT.

Plan to Interest the Government in the Matter.

The effort to form a union of all organizations that have for their object the beautifying of towns and cities which will be made in connection with the convention of the American Park and Outdoor Association in Buffalo next year will be widely approved, says the Buffalo Express. Most of the large cities and many towns and villages have such associations and would gladly join in the proposed movement.

One of the objects of forming a union is to interest the government in the work and get its support to the extent of collecting and making public information on the subject, with photographs, etc., showing what can be done by organized effort. The government's work would presumably be largely to show what has been done in foreign towns and cities. The individual organizations have accomplished much as it is, but there is a limitless field in which to work, and government aid would be valuable.

Every city in the country and many towns are, for example, filled with unsightly billboards and display advertising in the form of immense paintings on buildings, etc. The improvement societies have given their attention to this matter for a long time, with considerable success. The courts in several states have upheld the right of a city to regulate the size of billboards, and there is every reason for believing that in the not distant future billboards will have disappeared from towns and cities.

The care and planting of trees and shrubs, straightening the sidewalk lines, removal of sidewalk and lot fences and the beautifying of back yards are a few of the other changes which should be made in towns and cities. The question of architecture is another important point. There is plenty of work to be done in improvement, and any movement such as the proposed union of the separate societies which promises to help the cause should be heartily supported.

Some one, usually a woman, has discovered that the local cemetery, a place hallowed to every resident, was in a shamefully neglected condition; that a park for holding out of door celebrations had become a necessity; that fine natural water privileges were being neglected or debased by the ignorance or selfishness of the few to the direct detriment of the many, etc.

Towns that were mudholes and dust heaps by turns, where tradesmen daily turned loose flying flocks of waste paper to mar the streets and frighten timid horses, where naturally charming adjacent country roadsides were made the common dumping ground for all sorts of unsightly rubbish, where vacant lots bore no attempt at decoration save mounds of tin cans and wildernesses of tangled weeds, have assumed the pleasant aspect of neatly paved, agreeably shaded streets.

Receptacles at street intersections receive the erstwhile loose papers, banana skins and other refuse formerly carelessly thrown into the streets to decay or on the sidewalks to produce dirt or disaster. Vacant lots have been cleared up and a weed ordinance passed and enforced. Ashes no longer form mountain ranges along streets and alleys, all being utilized in grading and filling streets or low ground. River banks have been cleaned, planted and in several instances walled, and with the stream have become the chief attraction of the place. Country roads have been relieved of their accompaniment of broken crockery, wash boilers, old mattresses and springs, etc., and nature given the chance to repair damages and make the drives of the immediate environs as delightful as undisturbed roadsides always are when far enough removed from the haunts of man.

It is a nice comment on the ways of humanity to note that neglected nature is always in a way beautiful, never offensive. It is only when human beings crowd in that ugliness and squalor result. This truth is even paralleled among dumb brutes. Wild animals do not devastate and wipe out the beauty of the woods, fields and waterways. It is only where domestic animals congregate that vegetation is destroyed, beauty obliterated and surroundings made wholly unbecomful.

Truly civilized man can hardly do less or more than devote some of his mind, ingenuity, time, strength and money to covering up his worse than unsightly tracks. If natural beauty is the heritage of mankind, if we are to "leave the world more beautiful than we found it," we must be up and doing, for the ways of civilization are obstructing or destroying its charm at every turn.

There must be some building up where there is so much tramping down, or what will the world look like after a few more generations of "civilized" humanity have battered it out of all shape and comeliness? We go gaily along, cutting and hacking at everything we find in the way; we, mostly, take no thought in the matter of giving nature an opportunity to retrieve the opportunities that we have wrested from her, yet we make a great hubbub when there are floods and droughts and unsalubrious conditions, although we continue to allow all the trees and undergrowth on the watersheds to be swept away. Civilization is a strange term for such stupid, selfish or, at the best, ignorant proceedings.

If every community would look out for itself in these respects, bare banks would again be clothed with the vegetation that not only makes them lovely, but also prevents their being washed into gullies when the water rushes unbridled down such slopes. In the one case it dashes over them as it falls, scours out the soil and becomes a harmful agent; in the other it is that lured in its fall by foliage and then percolates slowly through a natural retaining sponge consisting of fallen twigs, dry leaves and still older leaf mold and is gradually disseminated to the benefit of everything and every person directly or remotely concerned, which is the entire population.

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VILLAGE ATTRACTIONS.

Something Needed to Offset Use of Modern Conveniences.

Telephones, rural mail routes, interurban and trolley lines have had the effect, it is said, of making small towns and villages more quiet than formerly, says the Indianapolis Journal. Now that the farm telephone has come into use, its owner does not "hitch up" and go to the village as formerly to do his errands. He telephones to the storekeeper his order for goods and asks him to send them out by trolley or by the first man traveling that way; he consults the doctor over the telephone and talks with his friends in the village in the same way.

The mail is brought to his gate and thus relieves him of the necessity of a daily trip. His relations with the blacksmith remain unchanged, for no way has been yet devised whereby that useful personage can shoe a horse or mend a wagon without having horse and vehicle present, but these needs are not of daily occurrence, and so it happens that the little street or open square which was wont to seem almost crowded with horses and vehicles at certain hours every day or on certain days in the week now often wears a deserted look, and the residents are conscious of a sense of loneliness.

They say, too, that when once a man gets on a trolley car with intent to make a purchase he goes to a larger town and that this is particularly true of his wife or daughter on a similar errand. All this is a natural but rather curious development following the extended use of modern conveniences, and what remedy the village has is not plain. Its only hope is apparently to establish attractions of a social or educational nature that will offset the loss in other directions and will draw its rural neighbors there for amusement and entertainment.

AN EXCELLENT PLAN.

Good Citizenship Leagues Promote the Growth of a Town.

To promote the growth of a town an excellent plan is to form an organization, under any name, having for its object everything tending to improve the town, increase its population, promote the introduction of new industries; also to look after the taxation of the property embraced in the town and to secure the passage of ordinances and laws conducive to the prosperity of the place and the comfort of those making their homes there.

There should be elected a board of officers, consisting of representative business men and committees appointed to look after state and local legislation, taxation and village expenditures, enforcement of village ordinances, condition and appearance of streets and public places, travel and communication, education, water supply, sewage and sanitary affairs, new industries and membership.

If controlled by the proper spirit, such an organization cannot but be conducive to the growth and prosperity of any town.

VILLAGE LIBRARY.

SOME SUGGESTIONS ON HOW TO CONDUCT ONE

Of Great Value if the Right Kind of Books Are Chosen—Constitution and By-laws to Start a Library Upon a Right Basis.

The village library is growing more and more an indispensable adjunct to American village life, writes E. L. Stevenson in the New York Times. It comes into existence and thrives naturally, almost spontaneously, in the large towns or even in the smaller towns. Intelligence and public sentiment appreciate its work. In the case, however, of the smallest communities scattered about our country, where its beneficial functions ought to be exercised on a smaller radius, a library's outsetting and conducting are more difficult matters. To start it upon a right basis and to see that it conducts its work efficiently the constitution for such an undertaking must be simple, but effective. If this be well framed, it is valuable in taking the place of less formal responsibility among individuals.

Even a small library must be on a practical working basis. Its written constitution must not merely contain rules for its work and the duties of those concerned in this work, but hints that are practical and judicial beyond any such letter of the law.

The writer begs to submit the following constitution, which may be useful to those who would like to set about some such village work even on a very modest footing to begin with, but who are not quite sure of what definite regulations and admonitions ought to be included in its outset:

CONSTITUTION OF THE TOWN FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Article I. This association shall be incorporated and known as "The Town Free Public Library."

Art. II. Its object shall be the diffusion of useful and otherwise beneficial literature within the community of town, in the state of —

Art. III. All residents of the place named of proper age, either temporarily or permanently, shall be entitled to the privileges of the library, provided such temporary residence be not less than two weeks, but to the reading room of the library all such residents and visitors for even a shorter time than two weeks shall be welcome.

Art. IV. In the character of the books and periodicals which the library means to put at the service of this community a preference shall be given to other works than those of fiction, at least for the first year. A limited amount of fiction shall be admissible to the library as it grows, and the special functions of this library shall be educational, particularly in the connections of history, biography, travel, popular science, higher belles lettres and art.

Art. V. The practical control of this library shall be vested in the hands of a committee of five persons, to be known as "the committee of the Town Free Public Library," who shall take cognizance of all its affairs. This committee shall include at least two nonresident members. The committee shall be selected by a vote of the residents annually. The chairman of the committee shall be chosen by a vote of the committee.

Art. VI. The selection of the books and periodicals and their purchase shall be made by a committee of three members chosen from the above library committee and known as the book committee. In their hands shall rest the responsibility of adding all the literary matter for the library either purchased or acquired by gift or otherwise.

Art. VII. The library shall occupy the most convenient and suitable quarters possible to it at all the year round.

Sec. 2. Its daily custody and practical functions shall be committed to a librarian chosen by the full library committee by a majority out of five votes. This librarian shall be entitled to such assistants as from time to time may be found expedient, such assistants to be elected by a vote of the full library committee.

BY-LAWS.
1. The librarian shall receive such compensation in the way of an annual salary as the committee shall sanction by vote.

2. The librarian shall be on duty on such days of the week as the library committee shall select, from 10 o'clock in the morning till 6 o'clock in the evening or for such other hours as the committee shall set, and if, in time, the library can beneficially be kept open for the greater part of the day and evening the librarian must give all his or her time to the work of the library.

3. The librarian shall keep a register of all fines due the library.

4. The librarian shall be personally responsible for one-half of the aggregate amount of all fines due the library at the end of each six months not collected except by special excuse by the library committee.

5. The librarian shall make a written report each six months to the library committee in which shall be set forth the number of books not in loan, the number of books in loan, the number of fines due, their aggregate amount and any other practical matters concerning the library.

Books can be loaned to any residents of suitable years, including those persons residing here for not less than two weeks and to those permanently residing near the town's limits, but not actually in them, having no other library privileges.

6. Only one book can be loaned to one person per week. In the case of works in several volumes only one volume in the set can be loaned at a time to one person.

PORTSMOUTH ELECTRIC RAILWAY

Time-Table in Effect Daily, Commencing September 17, 1902.

Main Line.
Leave Market Square for Rye Beach and Little Bear's Head at *7.05 a. m. 8.05 and hourly until 7.05 p. m. For Cable Road only at *5.30 a. m. *6.30 a. m. and *10.05 p. m. For Little Bear's Head only at 8.05 and 9.05 p. m. 1.05, 5.05, 7.05, 8.05 and 9.05 p. m. cars make close connection for North Hampton.

Returning—Leave Junction with E. H. & A. St. Ry. at *8.05 a. m., 9.05 and hourly until 8.05 p. m. Leave Cable Road at *6.10 a. m., *7.30 a. m. and *10.40 p. m. Leave Little Bear's Head 9.10 p. m. and 10.10 p. m.

Plains Loop.
Up Middle street and up Islington street—Leave Market Square at *6.35 a. m., *7.05, 7.35 and half-hourly until 10.05 p. m., and at *10.35 and *11.05.

Christian Shore Loop.
Up Islington street and down Market street—Leave Market Square at *6.35 a. m., *7.05, 7.35 and half-hourly until 10.05 p. m., and at *10.35 and *11.05.

*Omitted Sundays.
*Omitted holidays.
[Saturdays only.]

D. J. FLANDERS,
Gen'l Pass'g. and Ticket Agent.
WINSLOW T. PERKINS,
Superintendent.

Kittery & Eliot Street Railway Co.

Leaves Greencare, Eliot—6.10, 6.45, *7.15, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10 a. m., 12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, *10.50, 11.10 p. m.

*Leaves Ferry Landing, Kittery—6.30, *7.00, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m., 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30 p. m.

Sunday—First trip from Greencare 8.10 a. m.

*Ferry leaves Portsmouth five minutes earlier.
*Leaves Staples' Store, Eliot.
*To Kittery and Kittery Point only.
[Runs to Staples' store only.]

Fares—Portsmouth to South Eliot school house No. 7, 5 cents; South Eliot school house No. 7 to Greencare 5 cents.

Tickets for sale at T. F. Staples & Co.'s, Eliot, and T. E. Wilson's, Kittery.

TIME TABLE.

Portsmouth & Exeter Electric Railway.

Cars Leave Portsmouth for Greeland Village, Stratham and Exeter at 6.35 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 9.35 p. m. After that time one car will leave Portsmouth at 10.30, running to Greeland Village and Stratham only.

Cars Leave Exeter for Stratham, Greeland Village and Portsmouth at 5.45 a. m. and every hour until 9.45 p. m. After that a car will leave Exeter at 10.45 and run to Greeland Village only.

Theatre Cars.
(Note) The last car from Portsmouth to Greeland Village, Stratham and Exeter waits at Portsmouth until the conclusion of performances at the opera house.

Low Round-Trip Rates

—VIA—
CLYDE LINE.
Charleston, Jacksonville and all Florida ports.

SAVANNAH LINE.
Savannah, Jacksonville, Florida and the South.

SAVE MONEY 50% JOY 300%
—BY—
Round Trip To New York One Way Including Stateroom.

GOING SOUTH
Jamaica, Bermuda, Nassau and Cuba.

Tickets and stateroom rates above based on a plan to

Geo. F. Tilton, City Pass. Agent
308 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

U. S. Navy Yard Ferry.

TIME TABLE.

April 1 Until September 30.

Leave Navy Yard—7.05, 8.20, 8.40, 9.15, 10.00, 10.30, 11.45, 12.05, 1.35, 2.00, 3.00, 4.05, 5.00, 5.50, 7.45 p. m. Sundays, 10.00, 10.15 a. m.; 12.15, 12.35 p. m. Holidays, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m.

Leave Portsmouth—8.10, 8.30, 8.50, 9.30, 10.15, 11.00 a. m.; 12.15, 1.45, 2.15, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.00, 10.00 p. m. Sundays 10.07 a. m.; 12.05, 12.25, 12.45 p. m. Holidays, 10.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.00 p. m.

*Wednesdays and Saturdays.
GEORGE F. F. WILDE,
Captain, U. S. N., Captain of the Yard
Approved: J. J. READ,
Rear Admiral, U. S. N., Commandant.

BOSTON & MAINE R. R.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Winter Arrangement.
(In effect October 12, 1902.)

Trains Leave Portsmouth

For Boston—3.47, 7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 2.21, 5.00, 7.25 p. m. Sunday, 3.47, 8.00 a. m., 2.21, 5.00 p. m.

For Portland—9.55, 10.45 a. m., 2.45, 5.22, 8.45, 9.15 p. m. Sunday, 8.30, 10.45 a. m., 8.45, 9.15 p. m.

For Wells Beach—9.55 a. m., 2.45, 5.22 p. m. Sunday, 8.30 a. m.

For North Conway—9.55 a. m., 2.45 p. m.

For Somersworth—4.50, 9.45, 9.55 a. m., 2.40, 2.45, 5.22, 5.30 p. m.

For Rochester—9.45, 9.55 a. m., 2.40, 2.45, 5.22, 5.30 p. m.

For Dover—1.50, 9.45 a. m., 12.15, 2.40, 5.22, 8.47 p. m. Sunday, 8.30, 10.48 a. m., 8.47 p. m.

For North Hampton and Hampton—7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sunday, 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.

For Greenland—7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sunday, 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.

Trains for Portsmouth
Leave Boston—7.30, 1.00, 10.10 a. m., 12.30, 3.30, 4.45, 7.00, 7.40 p. m. Sunday, 4.30, 8.20, 9.00 a. m., 6.30, 7.00, 7.40 p. m.

Leave Portland—1.50, 9.00 a. m., 12.45, 6.00 p. m. Sunday, 1.50 a. m., 12.45, 5.00 p. m.

Leave North Conway—7.25 a. m., 4.15 p. m.

Leave Rochester—7.19, 9.47 a. m., 3.50, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 7.00 a. m.

Leave Somersworth—6.35, 7.32, 10.00 a. m., 4.05, 6.39 p. m.

Leave Dover—6.50, 10.24 a. m., 1.40, 4.30, 6.30, 9.20 p. m. Sunday, 7.30 a. m., 9.20 p. m.

Leave Hampton—9.22, 11.50 a. m., 2.13, 4.59, 6.16 p. m. Sunday, 6.26, 10.06 a. m., 7.59 p. m.</

THE HERALD.

(Formerly The Evening Post)
ESTABLISHED SEPT. 23, 1834.

Published every evening, Sundays and holidays excepted.
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For Portsmouth and Portsmouth's Interests

You want local news? Read the Herald. More local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it.

MONDAY, NOV. 10, 1902.

Col. Henry Watterson of Kentucky, high priest of the star-eyed goddess of reform, in an editorial in his paper, the Louisville Courier-Journal, on the result of the recent election, says that by it "several individual possibilities on the democratic side are eliminated. Pattison goes down in Pennsylvania, Johnson in Ohio, and, measurably, Hill in New York. The one democrat of national dimensions left standing on the scene is Gorman. The democratic party has before it a clear field for 1904. In Mr. Gorman, at least, it has one national leader of surpassing wisdom and experience, a democrat from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. He will presently resume his place in the councils of the nation. He is not only a wise man. He is an upright, courageous man, worth a dozen Hills or a thousand Cleverlands. For the time being, at least, let us rally about Gorman, for whether he leads us to victory or defeat, he will not lead us astray." All up for Arthur Pue Gorman of Maryland for the democratic candidate for president in 1904. The republicans are perfectly willing he should get the nomination.

At last there seems to be a reasonable assurance that the mysterious "Jack the Sluggish," whose cowardly and brutal assaults on women have terrorized towns in the vicinity of Boston for several months, and have resulted in the deaths of two of his victims, has nearly reached the end of his rope. The watches stolen from Miss Agnes McPhee and Miss Clara Morton, on the night when they were fatally assailed, have been recovered and the colored man who sold them to a watchmaker has been arrested and confessed to having sold them. This brings the murder of the two young women close home to him; but he declares that he had nothing to do with the assaults, having received the watches from another man—a white man previously suspected of having committed the fatal assault on Miss Morton, and in custody on suspicion before the colored man was traced. It seems almost certain that the perpetrator of the two murders, and probably of the other similar but happily not fatal assaults, is now under arrest; and with the clues now in possession of the police it should not be impossible to fix the guilt upon the right one.

The full returns from all the towns in New Hampshire, of the votes cast for governor at the late election, show that the plurality of Bacheider, the republican candidate, over Hollis, democrat, is 7,810. The republicans made a better showing than this on the congressional vote, Salloway in the first district having 7,324 pluralities over Langley, and Currier in the second having 7,806 over Bates, making a total republican plurality on the congressional vote of 15,130, or nearly double the plurality given the candidate for governor. Bacheider's vote was 11,985 less than Jordan received in 1900, and it is this falling off in the republican vote, and not any increase in the democratic vote, that accounts for the great shrinkage in the republican plurality from that of two years ago as according to the returns Hollis' vote was 800 behind

that given to Dr. Potter in 1900. The democrats made a big "percentage" gain by losing less than their antagonists.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

Several obstacles that blocked the market's path—coal strike, railroad wage difficulties and the elections—are out of the way, and money stringency has diminished in force; yet market enthusiasm is slow in its re-growth. All kinds of vaguely pessimistic opinions are expressed by the professional element now holding sway. Yet, to one who reasons a little, it becomes clear that the market is simply being held in check and that sentiment just now has a wet blanket thrown over it, to be lifted at the proper moment. Nothing in this mutable world is so fleeting and changeable as stock market sentiment. Just now it is simply chewing the cud of adverse theories existent a year or more, which it pretends now to have tasted for the first time,—our foreign debt and the like.

In the last two years the market has recovered from wounds far deeper than any now inflicted; unless basic conditions have changed for the worse, it should recover again. Apart from an alleged lack of money and a rather uncomfortable foreign debt, there is nothing unfavorable in sight save special influences in stocks like Steel and Sugar. With Europe well off, and with enormous crops beginning to come to harvest here, the solution of our foreign obligations should not cause much trouble, or any great loss of gold. Tight money and possible gold exports are, in fact, merely the levers worked by the great manipulative forces to hold the market where they want it.

If these premises of ours, deduced from what we think are the underlying financial and industrial conditions are correct; then it follows, as the day the night, that before very long, when the bankers have ceased from troubling and money is at rest, that we shall see substantially higher security prices. Whoever holds stocks, should stand by the courage of his convictions; a little averaging on any further declines artificially cultivated, will ensure and enhance his ultimate profits. The country has no more gone to the dogs because of pessimistic opinions of bear traders, than it did because of the ante-election warnings of the stump speakers.

THE FILIPINOS' NEW CHURCH.

The American nation can only look on with interested attention while the Filipino people settle in their own way the matter of faith and their worship. Gov. Taft has been appealed to by some of the followers of Bishop Aglipay, the "away-from-Rome" leader at Manila, to take over, in the name of the congregation, the title to one of the principal churches of the Philippine capital. Of course he cannot listen to any such proposition. On the contrary, so far as he can lawfully concern himself at all with the religious affairs of the people, he is bound by the treaty of peace with Spain to enforce the property rights of the Roman church in the islands. He is equally bound, however, by the same treaty to respect the freedom of worship. He cannot make himself the instrument of a Filipino establishment of religion; nor can he, on the other hand, deny the right of the people to worship under priests or bishops of their own choosing.

Delicate questions are likely to arise in the government of the Philippine islands in the next few years. It is well that at the head of the administration of affairs there is a man so careful as Gov. Taft, and so broadly trained in the management of large

FOOD NOT ALL

Food is not all the thin man needs. Maybe he's sick. You can't make him eat by bringing him food. But Scott's Emulsion can make him eat. That Emulsion gives a man appetite and feeds him both. It brings back lost flesh.

No trouble about digestion. The weakest stomach can digest Scott's Emulsion. It tastes good, too. Scott's Emulsion paves the way for other food. When wasted and weakened by long illness it gives strength and appetite that ordinary food cannot give. Not only food—medicine, too—Scott's Emulsion of pure cod-liver oil.

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affairs and important human interests. There can be little question of the magnitude and importance of the native religious movements there, when in one of the largest and oldest churches of Manila a native priest is installed as bishop in opposition to the ecclesiastical authorities.

The direct part of our national authority in this matter is nil. The part of the government of the islands is that of an impartial umpire. It is bound to preserve the peace, bound to guarantee property rights, and bound to defend the right of every man in the islands to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. The Filipinos, under this conscientious umpireship, must "work out their own salvation."

JOURNALISM IN JAPAN.

There is not a town of 10,000 people which does not possess at least one newspaper, and the two or three cheap popular papers in the capital have circulations running from 100,000 to 150,000. This describes journalism in Japan, which was the subject of an interesting lecture (placidly delivered in English) given in the Japan Society's hall by M. Zuzumoto, the Japanese editor of the only paper in Japan printed in English, the Japan Times. Apart from liberty under the liberal law, the fullest freedom is permitted, except when the country is on the verge of or at war, when the reasonable intimation is conveyed that news as to the movements of ships and troops must not be published. Fiction fills the most important place in editorial policy; but a fair proportion of space is given up to telegraphic news, including cables from eastern ports and Europe and America. The most successful and prosperous journals are so-called "yellow journals," and there was much hypocritical denunciation concerning these, people who denounced them buying three copies to one of the grave and accurate journals which they professed to support. But when these "yellow journals" ventured to meddle in affairs of state they experienced severe rebuffs. Seven weeks previous to the official announcement of the Anglo-Japanese alliance one of these journals published in commanding type a report that it had been arranged, but "thanks" to its well-established reputation, "what was really a big 'scoop' attracted no attention."

WHEN REUBEN COMES TO TOWN.

TRUSTS FROM THE INSIDE.

While calling upon Mr. John A. McCall, president of the New York Life Insurance company, I found that Mr. McCall was at work upon an address to be delivered before the National Convention of State Insurance officials at Columbus, Ohio, in which he advocated exactly such a Federal corporation law as that proposed by Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Archbold, and for the same reasons. "It," said Mr. McCall, "a state chooses to exercise its full powers over foreign corporations (that is, corporations formed in other states), it need not stop short of absolute exclusion; it may consequently, so far as legal authority is concerned, impose conditions which are unreasonable and onerous, both with regard to requirements, as well as with respect to license fee and taxation. The corporation in such cases has no remedy in the courts, even if the conditions are unconscionable; it can escape injustice only by ceasing to expose itself to the jurisdiction of laws which make unjust requirements." He concludes "that an amendment to the Constitution to secure national supervision and control of insurance companies." And almost paraphrasing Mr. Rockefeller, he advises "that pending such an amendment," efforts be made "to secure uniform laws for taxation and other purposes in order that policy holders may be protected against the crude and oftentimes destructive legislation proposed in some of the states."

The disorder, loss and inconvenience resulting to corporations from the wide differences between state laws, the unending litigation to which these give rise, and the inducements they offer to trust-baiting and blackmailing suits, were repeatedly mentioned by the industrial leaders whose views on the president's proposal were invited, as the strongest possible argument in favor of a Federal corporation law. Instances were given of states creating corporations for the purpose of doing business which is unlawful in the state that confers the charter, and even for the purpose of working in violation of the laws of the foreign state in which it operates. A systematic canvass of the men who manage the principal industrial combinations reveal with but one exception a striking unanimity of approval of President Roosevelt's proposal. The single exception is that of the Sugar Trust, which "did not care what the president thought or did."—James H. Bridge in The World's Work.

A portion of the navy yard employees worked all day Sunday.



WARM PRAISE FOR CREATOR.

The intense interest awakened in the appearances of Creator and his Italian band of musicians by the concerts of the last week gives especial importance to his last concert in this city, at Symphony Hall, this evening, for the Musicians' Aid society. Creator has proved himself not only unique as a conductor, but a masterly leader, capable of directing, controlling and inspiring his men and getting individual and collective results from them that are startling, beautiful and wonderfully effective. His audiences in this city have been aroused to outbursts of enthusiasm seldom witnessed by the Boston musical public. He has charmed and delighted his patrons here by the finish, elegance and discrimination of his finer work and his own contributions to the concert programmes of the week have shown his genius as a composer and the fertility of his melodic ideas. The originality of his methods as a conductor can only be realized from personal acquaintance with them, his faculty of emphasizing the strong points of a composition is unprecedented, and his almost hypnotic control of an audience is frankly admitted by all who have fallen under the sway of his baton.

At this evening's concert the band will play the "William Tell" and "Tannhauser" overtures, Carlini's march "Venice," Schumann's "Träumerei," a Carmen and a "Gloconda" selection, a clarinet solo by Sig. Desimo and other choice selections for the band. Mme. Barilli, the brilliant soprano, will be heard in the solo by Creator, "Il Lamento dell' Esule," which made such a distinct feature of one of the earlier concerts. Popular prices have been fixed for this concert.—Boston Sunday Herald, Nov. 9.

NOT A DRAMATIC PLAY.

The Two Sisters is a series of living pictures representing life in a great city on the same simple, homely principle as The Old Homestead pictures life in the country. Denman Thompson and George W. Ryer are responsible for both, and while dramatic effects have been sacrificed in both for the sake of realism it would indeed be difficult to decide which of the two is the most realistic. The Two Sisters is not a dramatic play and the only claim made for it is that it is a natural representation of life in New York as it is today. It is a symphony more powerful than can be preached from a pulpit, and while in plot and action it is simplicity itself, there is a fascination and charm about the characters it introduces which is simply irresistible. It tells the old, old story in a novel manner—the story of two girls, sisters, who left a widowed mother in the country and went to the great metropolis to begin the battle for existence. One follows in the proper path and finally becomes the wife of a big-hearted noble fellow, and the other goes astray and sinks deeper and deeper in the mire and dregs of degradation and sin, until she is about to end her existence in the river, when she is saved by her sister, and in her home she begins life anew.

Such is the story of The Two Sisters, but it is not the story which fascinates, but the simple manner in which it is told and the characters that are introduced to tell it. It would take columns to give pen pictures of the various quaint and queer characters in the play, and even then the most eloquent pen could not do justice to them. Hiram Pepper is a character frequently met with in real life, but seldom portrayed as thoroughly and naturally as it is in the play. Hiram is not an impossible mock stage hero one never sees off the boards of a theatre, but a flesh and blood creation, a perfect type of manhood and the very impersonation of downright good nature.

All the other types and characters are such as Dickens and Thackeray would delight in, but modernized, written right up to today's fashions and requirements. No more important dramatic event has ever been announced in this city and its presentation at Music Hall next Thursday night will be sure to draw one of the largest and most enthusiastic audiences this city has ever known.

EDISON MET HIS MATCH.

Robert Edison has steadfastly thwarted all schemes to extort from him permission to use his name on brands of cigars in other parts of

merchandise. He has met his match in a Boston hatter, who has placed upon his market a gray felt, labeled upon the Panama worn by him by the hat of a Soldier of Fortune. During his recent engagement there the actor was greeted on all sides by placards advertising the "Edison hat." It acquired immediate popularity with the Harvard students and now he fears the genuine request for autographs will be exceeded by the masculine demand for similar hats in a Boston.

MISS HASWELL'S LITTLE EXPERIENCE.

During her recent tour of the South, Miss Percy Haswell was met at the train by the local manager of one of the theatres at which she was billed to appear. She asked him to direct her to her carriage and he explained that he had countermanded her business manager's order for one. When asked the reason, he said, "Well, the last star who played here ordered a carriage and it was reported around town that she was sick and had to be carried to her hotel and it hurt business." "Perhaps I had better put on a sweater," was Miss Haswell's reply "and play a game of football with my company in the public square so that the public will not be in doubt as to our good health."

HE HAD KICKED.

In Miss Alice Fischer's supporting company is a young man who has earned for himself the title of "the Genial Kicker." Strangely enough he is possessed of a distinctly agreeable disposition and a nature commonly alluded to as "willing." Nevertheless, when requested to perform some additional task he raises innumerable objections then, after he has relieved his mind, placidly does what is asked of him. The other night Miss Fischer called him to her dressing room at the Victoria theatre to inform him that Mr. Harris, her manager, had assigned him an extra bit of work in Mrs. Jack "The genial kicker" listened, remarked "All right," and turned to go. Miss Fischer, astonished, exclaimed, "Why don't you kick?" "Mr. Harris told me about it today," he replied. "Oh, then you have kicked," said Miss Fischer.

MISS TYREE'S NEW PLAY.

Miss Elizabeth Tyree will begin on Nov. 24th rehearsals of Gretna Green, the romantic comedy by Grace Livingston Furniss, in which she will make her debut as a star on January 5th at the Madison square theatre, under the direction of Henry B. Harris.

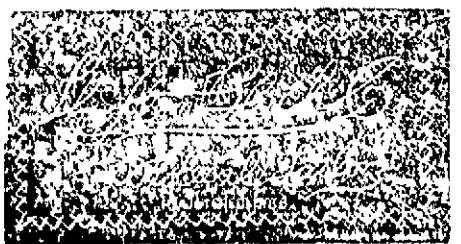
HAD PLAYED IN PORTSMOUTH.

John A. Collins, a Princeton student, was run over by a train in the home city of Lawrence, Mass., Saturday morning and died in a hospital some hours later. He was captain of the football team of Phillips Andover academy in 1900 and had played in this city on the Lawrence Alumni team. Mr. Collins had been, in the past, a frequent visitor to Portsmouth and had many friends among the young people of the city. He was twenty-three years old.

KICKED TWO GOALS.

The Naval academy football team defeated Lafayette on Saturday, twelve to eleven. Reginald Carpenter played a star game for the Navy. He kicked goals from both the touchdowns scored by his team, thereby contributing materially to the victory.

GEORGE A. TRAFTON,
BLACKSMITH
AND
EXPERT HORSE SHOEER.
STONE TOOL WORK A SPECIALTY.
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When ready for your next Suit or Overcoat let us show you the best made and best fitting garments possible to produce—The Famous Stein-Bloch Clothes.

OUR FALL STOCK OF EVERYTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS IS ALL READY.

HENRY PEYSER & SON.

IF YOU ARE SICK

And need medicine for your Kidneys, Liver, Bladder or Blood, get the Best.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

If you are suffering from kidney or bladder disease, the doctor asks: "Do you desire to urinate often, and are you compelled to get up frequently during the night? Does your back pain you? Does your urine stain linen? Is there a scalding pain in passing it, and is it difficult to hold the urine back? If so, your kidneys or bladder are diseased."

Try putting some of your urine in a glass tumbler, let it stand twenty-four hours. If there is a sediment, or a cloudy, milky appearance, your kidneys are sick. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy will surely relieve and cure the most distressing cases of these dread diseases, and no physician can prescribe medicine that equals it for kidney, liver, bladder and blood diseases, rheumatism, dyspepsia and chronic constipation.

Walter D. Miller, of Delhi, N. Y., writes:

"I suffered for years with kidney trouble and severe pains in my back, at times it was so bad I could hardly walk. My stomach ached, and I frequently had twinges of rheumatism. I suffered a great deal and received no benefit until I began the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. After taking it a short while it cured me."

It is for sale by all druggists in the **New 50 Cent Size** and the regular \$1.00 size bottles—less than a cent a dose. Sample bottle—enough for trial, free by mail. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, New York, N. Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, New York, N. Y.

J. A. & A. W. WALKER

SOLE AGENTS FOR

OLD COMPANY LEHIGH COALS

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Reading and Wilkesboro Coals

Best Preparation Obtainable

In This City.

187 MARKET ST.

CEMETERY LOTS CARED FOR

AND TURFING DONE.

IF increased facilities the subscriber is prepared to take charge and keep order such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be entrusted to his care. He will do more careful work than any other turfing and headstones, and the removal of bodies (in addition to work at the cemeteries he will do) turning and grading in the city at short notice.

Cemetery lots for sale, \$2.00 Loan and Turf. Orders left at his residence, corner of Rialto Avenue and South Street, or by mail, or left with Oliver W. Bam—successor to S. A. Fletcher, 50 Mark Street, will receive prompt attention.

M. J. GRIFFIN.

RIPANS

The simplest remedy for indigestion, constipation, biliousness and the many ailments arising from a disordered stomach, liver or bowels. It is a powerful purgative, and is known as Ripans Tablets. They have been accepted by the medical profession, and their use is recommended by the highest authorities. They are sold in all drug stores, and are the only tablets that are so effective. They give strength to the system, a general tonic, and give the system a general tonic. The Five Cent tablet is enough for an ordinary case. The family bottle of 25 cents contains a supply for years. All druggists sell them.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Use Big C for unusual ailments, indigestion, constipation, biliousness, or other ailments of the stomach, liver, or bowels. It is a powerful purgative, and is known as Ripans Tablets. They have been accepted by the medical profession, and their use is recommended by the highest authorities. They are sold in all drug stores, and are the only tablets that are so effective. They give strength to the system, a general tonic, and give the system a general tonic. The Five Cent tablet is enough for an ordinary case. The family bottle of 25 cents contains a supply for years. All druggists sell them.

PENNYROYAL PILLS

Original and Only Genuine. Use Big C for unusual ailments, indigestion, constipation, biliousness, or other ailments of the stomach, liver, or bowels. It is a powerful purgative, and is known as Ripans Tablets. They have been accepted by the medical profession, and their use is recommended by the highest authorities. They are sold in all drug stores, and are the only tablets that are so effective. They give strength to the system, a general tonic, and give the system a general tonic. The Five Cent tablet is enough for an ordinary case. The family bottle of 25 cents contains a supply for years. All druggists sell them.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH

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LABOR UNION DIRECTORY

CENTRAL LABOR UNION.

Pres., John T. Mallon;
Vice Pres., James Lyons;
Rec. Sec., Francis Quinn.
Composed of delegates from all the local unions.
Meets at A. O. H. hall, first and last Thursdays of each month.

FEDERAL UNION.

Pres., Gordon Preble;
Sec., E. W. Clark.
Meets in A. O. H. hall second and fourth Fridays of each month.

TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, NO. 483.

Pres., William B. Randall;
Vice Pres., Harrison O. Hunt;
Rec. Sec., Miss Z. Gertrude Young;
Sec. Treas., Arthur G. Brewster;
Sergt. at Arms, Wilbur B. Shaw.
Meets in Petre hall, second Saturday of each month.

PAINTERS.

Pres., William T. Lyons;
Rec. Sec., Charles H. Colson.
Meets first and third Fridays of each month, in G. A. R. hall.

COOPER'S UNION.

Pres., Stanton Truman;
Sec., John Molloy.
Meets second Tuesday of each month in G. A. R. hall, Daniel street.

MIXERS AND SERVERS, NO. 303.

Pres., John Harrington;
Sec., William Dunn.
Meets in Hibernian hall, first and third Sundays of each month.

HOD-CARRIERS.

Pres., Frank Bray;
Sec., Brainard Hersey.
Meets 33 Market street, first Monday of the month.

GROCERY CLERKS.

Pres., William Harrison;
Sec., Walter Stapleton.
Meets first and third Thursdays of the month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

TEAMSTERS UNION.

Pres., John Gorman;
Sec., James D. Brooks.
Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

BARBERS.

Pres., John Long;
Sec., Frank Ham.
Meets in Longshoremen's hall, first Friday of each month.

GRANITE CUTTERS.

Pres., John T. Mallon;
Sec., James McNaughton.
Meets third Friday of each month at A. O. H. hall.

CARPENTERS UNION.

Pres., Frank Dennett;
Rec. Sec., John Parsons.
Meets in G. A. R. hall, second and fourth Thursdays of each month.

LONGSHOREMEN.

Pres., Jere Conlig;
Sec., Michael Ham.
Meets first and third Wednesdays of each month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

BOTTLERS.

Pres., Dennis E. Drislane;
Sec., Eugene Sullivan.
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month at Petre hall, High street.

BREWERY WORKERS.

Pres., Albert Adams;
Rec. Sec., Richard P. Fullam;
Fin. Sec., John Connell.
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of the month, at 38 Market street.

BRICKLAYERS AND MASONS.

Pres., Charles E. Whitehouse;
Sec., James E. Chickering.
Meets first and third Saturdays of each month in Red Men's hall.

BOOT AND SHOE WORKERS' UNION NO. 14.

Pres., James H. Cogan;
Fin. Sec., W. S. Wright;
Treas., Edward Amazeen.
Meet in U. V. U. hall every second Thursday of the month.

Professional Cards.

C. D. HINMAN, D. D. S.
DENTAL ROOMS, 16 MARKET SQUARE
Portsmouth, N. H.

F. S. TOWLE, M. D.
84 State Street, Portsmouth, N. H.
Office Hours:
10 to 12 A. M. and 7 to 9 P. M.

W. O. JUNKINS, M. D.,
Residence, 98 State St.
Office, 26 Congress St.
Portsmouth, N. H.
108 MOORE: 1902

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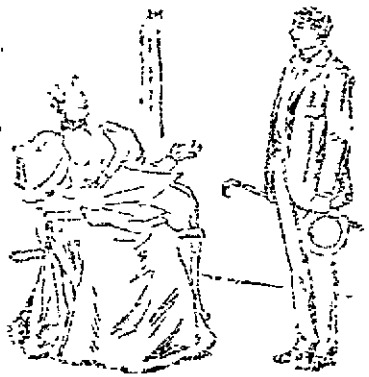
W. O. JUNKINS, M. D.,
Residence, 98 State St.
Office, 26 Congress St.
Portsmouth, N. H.
108 MOORE: 1902

HARD ON MOTHER.
Some Portsmouth Mothers Know Well
How Hard It Is.

A mother's cares are never light and it's no wonder. Backache and other kidney ailments increase her daily burden. There is one sure way to make the burden lighter. Let a Portsmouth mother show you how.

Mrs. A. G. Mace, of 12 Madison street, says: "My little girl had weak kidneys. I believe she inherited the complaint. Her trouble was non-retention of the kidney secretions. I employed physicians and used many remedies advertised, but until I obtained Doan's Kidney Pills at Philbrick's pharmacy nothing did her any good. They helped her so much and gave such relief to the child that I am very grateful for having my attention drawn to them."

For sale by all dealers; price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.



LOW PRICES.

Many people shout Low Prices. The prices are low—so is the quality of the goods. We say low prices and we lack up the statement with a good strong reason. We can make the best clothing—make it as well as it can be made—at low prices, because our expenses are light and we have many patrons. There is no use throwing money away. There is no use paying any more for perfection than you have to. We will be glad to see you at any time.

HAUGH,
LADIES' AND GENTS' TAILOR
20 High Street.

W. E. Paul
RANGES

—AND—
PARLOR STOVES
KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS

Everything to be found in a First-Class Kitchen Furnishing Store, such as Tinware (both grades), Enameled Ware (both grades), Nickel Ware, Wooden Ware, Cutlery, Lamps, Oil Heaters, Carpet Sweepers, Washing Machines, Wringers, Cake Closets, Lunch Boxes, etc.

Many useful articles will be found on the 5c and 10c Counters.

Please consider that in this line will be found some of the

Most Useful and Acceptable Holiday Gift

39 to 45 Market Street

OLIVER W. HAM.
(Successor to Samuel S. Fletcher)
60 Market Street.

Furniture Dealer

—AND—
Undertaker.

NIGHT CALLS at side entrance 100, No. 2 Hancock street, or at residences, cor. New Vaughan street and Raynes avenue.

Telephone 59-2.

EXETER HAPPENINGS.

Andover Wins The Great Football Game On Saturday.

Both Teams Fight Desperately, But Winning Eleven Is Fester.

Budget of Other Timely Topics From Our Special Correspondent.

Exeter, Nov. 9.
The football teams of Phillips-Exeter and Phillips-Andover academies met on the gridiron, at Andover Saturday afternoon, for the twenty-second time, and after a desperate contest of seventy minutes' duration, victory went to the latter, the score being twenty-nine to seventeen. Exeter put up a plucky fight, but Andover was too fast and Exeter's weight was not sufficient to overcome the speed of the opposing team.

The game was witnessed by fully ten thousand people, a goodly proportion of whom were rooters for one side or the other, and the enthusiasm ran high.

The Exeter eleven was the first to appear on the field, Andover following in a few moments. Both teams were greeted with cheers.

The toss was won by Exeter and Capt. Brill chose the east goal, which was favored slightly by the wind. Veeder kicked off for Andover, the ball going to Harris, who made ten yards before he was tackled. Gains were made by Jenkins and Hagan, but a fumble caused a loss and Harris punted.

The fumble was a costly one, for Humbird, Bullock and Veeder began immediately to demonstrate their ability as ground gainers, circling the ends and pounding Exeter's line for decided gains, the latter carrying the ball across the goal line in just four minutes and a half after the kickoff. Brown kicked the goal.

The ball was again placed in the centre of the field and Cooney kicked off. Neither team gained any decided advantage for some time, but Exeter finally seemed to strike her gait and rushed the ball down the field for a touchdown by Jenkins. The trial for goal failed.

The good work of the New Hampshire team continued for a time, but Andover again woke up and, getting possession of the ball, repeatedly battered down Exeter's defense, and Bullock again scored. Brown kicked his second goal.

Neither team scored again in the first half, but after ten minutes of play in the second period, Brill took the ball over Andover's line, and this time Cooney kicked the goal.

Exeter's hopes began to rise, for Andover was only one point in the lead, and her men appeared to be tired. They soon proved that they were not, however, and quickly rushed the ball down the field, Thompson making the touchdown.

Reynolds succeeded Bullock at this point and made a fourth touchdown for his team on his first trial with the ball.

Exeter again took on a brace and began a series of irresistible onslaughts on Andover's line. With ten minutes of playing time left, the Exonians scored for the third and last time, but Andover quickly retaliated, and after a few more scrimmages time was called.

Exeter used but twelve men during the entire game, while Andover required the services of seventeen, Capt. Cates himself being forced to retire in the second half.

The score:
Phillips Andover 29, Phillips Exeter 17.
Sumner, 1c re, Elder
Schildmiller, 1c
Overall, 1c
Cates, capt 1c rt Cooney
Stewart, 1c
Andrews, 1c rg, Dillon
rg, Marshall
c Hooper
Gluney, c
Gillis, rg
Thompson, rg
Conrad, rt
Brown, rg
Dillon, rg
Sumner, qb
Humbird, 1hb
Veeder, 1hb
Bullock, 1b
Reynolds, 1b
Screo, Andover, 29, Exeter, 17.
Touchdowns, Bullock, 2, Jenkins, Brill, Thompson, Reynolds Stewart, Hamill.
Goals from touchdowns, Brown, 4, Cooney, 2. Umpire, Langford. Referee, Loring F. Deland. Linesmen, W. C. Crowley, Andover; G. H. Hersey, Exeter. Timer, John Graham. Time, two 35 m halves. Attendance, 10,000.

A special session was held in the probate court room Saturday by Judge Hoyt on the account and private

claims in the estate of the late George W. Ordell of Exeter. J. O. Ross of Exeter and Judge Thomas Leavitt of Exeter was the opposing counsel.

Prof. George W. Ellis of Boston, who was here on many occasions last year, will conduct the entertainment of the Royal Ladies' court of Friendship council, Royal Arcanum on Thursday, Nov. 20.

The schooner Glenullen arrived in the harbor Saturday with 100 tons of gas coal for the Exeter Gas works.

A new horse of William Nichols, which weighs 1550 pounds, is attracting much attention around town.

Harry S. Stone, for four and a half years assistant treasurer of the street railway company, has left its service to become clerk of the Mansion house at Greenfield, Mass.

Beginning today and continuing until Nov. 23 there will be a series of evangelistic services conducted at the Methodist church by Evangelist Martha Curry.

Several old Phillips-Exeter athletics saw the Exeter-Andover game, among them being ex-Capt. Higley of the '98 team.

Levene S. Hall has been given an original pension of \$6.

Dr. A. T. Severance of this town is spoken of as the next speaker of the house of representatives.

Rev. George H. Johnson of Lowell, Mass., occupied the pulpit at the Phillips church today.

Edward Tuck has donated \$200 to the Exeter Relief society.

George W. Rand, a clerk at J. H. Batchelder's, is passing a fortnight's vacation in New York.

THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER.

Things Out Of Doors At The Approach Of Winter And Thanksgiving.

Under gray skies, and gowning in neutral brown, enters November. Frost waits upon her and strews her path with memories of summer days. The bugle of the north wind proclaims her coming. A brooding silence reigns in the thickets where the mighty feathered chorus poured forth a welcome to her sister months. Gone are the flowers, save that in some sheltered retreat still lingers the blossom of the skies, the beautiful fringed gentian, or mayhap a sunflower or late goldenrod lends of its gold yet a little while. But from stark bare tree-tops comes the bark of squirrels fat with much feeding, and it is answered by the merry shout of nut-gatherers gleaming among the thickly strewn brown leaves. The honk of the wild goose floats earthward from the clouds. In the marshes and sedges along the river's edge the muskrat puts the finishing touches on his domicile of rushes and mud against the bitterness of mid-winter. The blue jay becomes silent, stealing guiltily about the bursting corn-crib. Through open barn doors is caught the gleam of yellow pumpkins and squashes, with all their possibilities of jack-o'-lanterns and luscious golden pies. From cellar bulkheads rises the fragrance of ripening fruit. The gobble of the turkey has in it the perfect contentment of desires fulfilled, and the shadow of sacrifice has not yet fallen over the poultry-yard. The spirit of Thanksgiving is abroad over the land and November, in sober gray and brown, walks hand in hand with Good-cheer and Happiness—Country Life in America.

SMALL POX IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Statement Given Out By The Secretary Of The State Board Of Health.

Dr. Irving A. Watson, secretary of the state board of health, gives out the following statement of the small-pox situation in New Hampshire:

"There are in Nashua twenty-four cases of smallpox. Inspector George of Pittsfield has been there for several weeks acting under the direction of the city board of health, and makes a daily canvass of the large infected district. Without these precautions a considerable epidemic would undoubtedly have raged in Nashua.

"Four cases in the neighboring town of Hudson have been located by Inspector George in connection with his Nashua labors. These cases are ten days advanced and the extent of infection from them is not known. "Manchester has two cases, probably resulting from the bridal couple visit.

"At Claremont one French Canadian child in a large family is ill with the disease and has, with its mother, been transferred to the town's small-pox hospital. The source of infection is not known here, but it is probably from some walking case.

"The light type of the disease makes it extremely difficult to control and eradicate."

For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea, twenty-five cents a bottle.

A dull Sunday.

FANATICS FIGHT.

Doukhobors Object To Being Sent Home.

Northwestern Police Have Trouble With The World Reformers.

Pacifical Pilgrims Are Loaded Into Cars By Exercise Of Force.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Nov. 9.—Another chapter in the history of the Doukhobor pilgrimage to reform the world has closed, but with the ending "to be continued."

The Doukhobors were taken by special train from Minnedosa to Yorkton last night and today were kept in the cars, closely guarded by the northwest mounted police. If the fight to move them one hundred yards is any example of what the government has to contend with, it will take a much larger force to move them the one hundred miles to their villages, which are that distance from Yorkton.

Minnesota despatches report stormy scenes during the entraining of the pilgrims there. After repeated interviews with the leader of the fanatics, Agent Spears decided to use force and grabbing him by the soldiers pushed him out of the building in which the Doukhobors passed the night and called upon the police to bring the rest.

As they came out the fanatics locked themselves together, each man clinging to his neighbor, thus making a solid body. Then the excitement commenced. The citizens turned out to help the police, but it was hard work to pull the fanatics apart, four or five men being needed to pull one Doukhobor from the interlocked mass. A majority fought every inch of the ground. A few went to the coaches alone, but the majority were carried bodily, dragged pushed along or loaded into the wagon of farmers who had gathered to see the fight.

THE COAL SITUATION.

How It Is Summed Up By The New England Statist.

The following article on the coal situation in Boston from the New England Statist of Nov. 3 is applicable to the conditions prevailing in this city and is a fair presentation of the facts:

Boston will see lower prices for anthracite coal just as soon as we can get it here," said one of the larger dealers in Boston, today. "But," he added, "that may not be for more than a month. It is absolutely impossible to get a cargo of anthracite coal for Boston in New York or Philadelphia now.

"Just what the price will be, I cannot say, but it will depend on the cost. Water freight rates, which were from sixty to seventy-five cents a ton from New York to Boston, are quoted now at \$1.40 a ton and even at that price may be doubled or trebled. The coal carrying vessels have been idle all summer, but now they have a grip on the situation that nothing can break.

"We now pay \$5 per ton in New York for what formerly cost us \$4. Add to that the freight rate of \$1.50; discharging at the wharf twenty-five cents; handling, screening and delivering, \$1.25, and you have the cost to us nearly \$8. Add to this the uncertainty as to future freight rates, and it will be seen that prices will not be very low for some time to come, though we hope to see them lower than they are now, perhaps by the first of December.

"As to recent high prices, it should be stated that not one-tenth of the amount on hand last May was sold at those figures. Almost all of it was disposed of at prices prevailing in May and June, on orders taken and contracts entered into during those months and these orders and contracts were only partially filled at that. Effort was made to distribute the little on hand as equitably as possible and yet save a little for late orders. The result is that we are repeatedly threatened with law suits, and this, in face of the fact that our contracts all contain the strike clause, and are, therefore, null and void. There may be a moral obligation in those contracts, but certainly there is no legal one.

"Boston dealers might have sold every ton of coal on hand to New York at recent fancy prices prevailing there, and pocketed a profit of \$9 or \$10 a ton, but not a ton went back, so far as I know. It is a fact that Boston dealers have actually lost money, and

lost heavily, too, because of the coal strike, and stand to lose more yet, for unfilled orders still on the books must be filled when the coal comes in at prices prevailing when the orders were given, regardless of cost to us.

"As to the independent collieries it is a fact worthy of consideration by those who denounce the trusts that representatives of the independents are asking \$2 a ton more than the big operators who are in the so-called combine.

"Regarding soft coal, it is true that a great deal is now arriving, but almost the whole of it goes to supply the big consumers whose orders have been in hand for months and whose coal bins have been practically empty of late. The strike in the New River and Pocahontas soft coal districts of West Virginia has been in full force since last May, until recently, when a portion of the Pocahontas mine went to work again. From seventy-five to eighty-five per cent. of all New England's soft coal comes from those districts.

"In conclusion I would like to state that I am sure the coal dealers would welcome investigation by the city's relief committee, or any other body of fair minded men. They might find that we have been unwise in conducting business at an actual loss, but not that we have profited by high prices."

A GIFT FROM LAWSON.

He Presents A Copy Of His America's Cup History to the Y. M. C. A.

Thomas W. Lawson has presented a copy of his History of the America's cup to the Portsmouth Y. M. C. A. It is a magnificent book, the binding, press work and the illustrations being of a character seldom seen in volumes of the present day. The text is absorbingly interesting, tracing as it does the fortunes of the famous international yachting trophy from the very beginning of the contest for its possession between the Columbia and the Shamrock II.

The following is printed on one of the first pages of the volume: "This book is published for private distribution only by Thomas W. Lawson in an edition of three thousand copies, of which this copy, number 874, is presented to the Y. M. C. A. library for Portsmouth.

MILDRED HOLLAND CHANGES PLAYS OVER NIGHT.

On Saturday night, Nov. 8th, Mildred Holland gave her last performance as "Aria" in The Power Behind the Throne, and this Monday evening Carina Jordan's romantic drama, The Lily and the Prince, will be produced at Pottsville, Pa.

Miss Holland and her company arrived at the Grand Central station, New York city, from New England, at 10:45 Sunday morning, and left via the Pennsylvania railroad at 12:55 p. m., for Pottsville, arriving there at 9:50. The scenery was put in place immediately and shortly after midnight the final dress rehearsal was given, and tonight the first performance will take place. Miss Holland and her company have been rehearsing daily while on tour in New England, so that a smooth performance is assured.

A Simple Scheme.

Minnie—So Fred proposed at last. Tell me about it.

Imogene—Oh, it was simple enough! Pa did it.

Minnie—How could he?

Imogene—I got Pa to ask Fred if he had serious intentions toward me. Fred didn't know what to say. But Pa followed up, asking Fred if he really loved me and was not influenced by mercenary motives.

Minnie—And what then?

Imogene—That was all. Fred was sure I had money!—Boston Transcript.

Excuse Enough.

This is an actual copy, both in words and spelling, of an excuse sent by a woman to the principal of one of the public schools:

Please excuse Michael for being at school since last Tuesday because a pot of hot water fell off grass stove on his legs and he had a touch. Oblige Ma.

—New York Times.

Order of the Eastern Star.

The grand chapter of Iowa at its last annual session appointed a committee to place some appropriate memorial in the Masonic Library building at Cedar Rapids commemorative of the late grand secretary of the grand lodge M. W. Theodore S. Parvin.

The grand chapter of Washington has withdrawn from the general grand chapter.

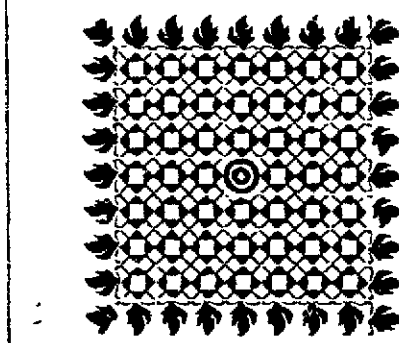
The present year has been the most prosperous in the history of the order in New York.

Knights of Khorrassan.

At the late session of the Imperial palace the laws of the order were revised and many changes made.

The election of officers in temples will take place hereafter in the month of May of each year.

All applications for membership shall be referred to the council, consisting of the first five officers of a temple—the royal prince, royal vizier, grand emir, sheik and malledi.



THE HERALD

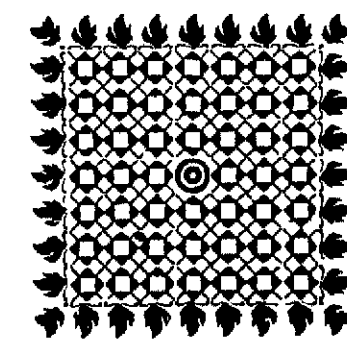
Has The Finest

JOB PRINTING PLANT

In The City.

Finest Work

Reasonable Prices.



TRUSSES

Having all the latest improvements in the "know how," enables us to guarantee satisfaction. Try us! If we fail to fit you, it costs you nothing.

A full line of
Shoulder Braces
Supporters
AND
Suspensories
Always on hand.

PHILBRICK'S PHARMACY



SPRING DECORATIONS ARE IN ORDER

now, and we have the finest stock of handsome wall papers, that range in price from 15 cents to \$5 per roll, suitable for any room, and of exquisite colorings and artistic patterns. Only expert workmen are employed by us, and our price for first-class work is as reasonable as our wall papers.

J. H. Gardiner
10 & 12 Daniel St. Portsmouth

The only new announcement that can be said of the celebrated

7-20-4
10c CIGAR

Is the sales are constantly increasing in the old territory and meeting with big success in new fields.

R. G. SULLIVAN, Mfr.,
Manchester, N. H.

STANDARD BRAND.
Newark cement

400 Barrels of the above Cement Just Landed.

THIS COMPANY'S CEMENT

Has been on the market for the past fifty years. It has been used on the

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"Out of the House of Bondage"

BY BALDWIN SEARS
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"Gwendolen, is your knee in that chair? Why, my dear, one would think you were a child of five."

"My dear Gwendolen, do stop drumming on the window—such a lack of dignity."

Gwen stood up stiffly. "I suppose you mean that you don't like to see an old maid doing anything except old maidly things," she said as cuttingly as she dared.

Francesca and Harriet looked at her, at their mother and at each other. "Is there nothing you can do which would not be 'old maidly,' as you call it?" asked Harriet mildly.

"What shall I do?" demanded Gwen. "Can't you read to aunt?"

"No, I can't," interrupted Gwen fiercely. "I'm as house as a crow from screaming into aunt's ear trumpet for an hour."

"Have you practiced this?" began Francesca.

"Practiced?" repeated her youngest sister, with still greater scorn. "What for? Haven't I practiced fifteen years for nothing? Nobody wants to hear me play. It's a perfect farce, doing things just because other people do them. I shan't do it any longer though."

And Gwen, her tall figure quivering with defiance, rushed out of the parlor and up to her room.

Poor Gwen! She was the youngest and had therefore never grown out of childhood in her sister's eyes.

Harriet and Francesca, aged respectively forty and forty-four, were so used to managing the housekeeping, their mother, the parish charitable work, the rector and sometimes the rector's assistant, who had only been there since Christmas, that they naturally expected to keep on managing their little sister too.

Gwen did not agree. She bent helplessly round in her cage, the great,



"MAY I TURN BACK WITH YOU?" SAID MR. WARDE.

gloomy house where her two energetic sisters were always criticizing, commanding and forbidding.

She threw herself on the bed and tried not to cry.

Harriet stood in the doorway, and Gwen had jumped to her feet.

"Gwendolen, Mr. Warde is down stairs, and he has asked for you."

"He probably wants me to go and visit old women," said Gwen. "I shan't. I hate old women."

But Harriet had gone down stairs again to talk to the young assistant.

Gwen followed slowly.

Francesca looked up first when Gwen opened the parlor door.

"Mr. Warde has come to ask us all to help with the services during Lent, Gwendolen," she said briskly. "He wants us to sing in the volunteer choir. I told him you would like to very much."

Gwen bit her lip and looked straight ahead.

Mr. Warde waited politely until Francesca had finished, then he turned to Gwen. "You know I have charge of the Lenten services, and I want them to be as beautiful as we can make them," he said, his eyes on her steadily. "I want to get some one to play for us too. Can't you help me to find some one, Miss Gwen?"

"Oh, Mr. Warde, let me play!"

For a moment there was a stunned silence, while poor Gwen's words rang back to her shrilly.

But Mr. Warde was smiling. "It will be a great pleasure to have you take it," he said.

His answer broke the spell. Francesca and Harriet rose as one to protest. "Why, Gwendolen, what a thing to ask! Of course she couldn't, Mr. Warde."

"Why, certainly she can do it. Can't you, Miss Gwen?"

But her fine flare of courage was gone. "I don't know," she stammered.

"Nonsense, child! Of course you can't. She'll be very glad to sing with us, Mr. Warde," Harriet smiled for all of them, chiefly for Gwen, who had shrunk into herself again.

Mr. Warde looked at her keenly. Gwen changed color when he took her hand at parting. His eyes looked into her frightened ones as if he understood.

That helped Gwen to bear the criticism that followed with more composure than usual. She even smiled a little as she went down to the village after the evening mail.

But her eyes held as she thought of the afternoon. She knew she could play on the big organ after a week's practice. She had done it before for the Sunday school. She would do it just because Mr. Warde had asked her. She gave a scared start. A black coat of figure had stopped before her.

"May I turn back with you?" Mr. Warde's kind eyes pretended not to see the tears in Gwen's. "I want to ask you when you will come over to practice," he went on, quite as if it were a settled thing.

"I knew that you could play. I have heard you often as I passed the house," he explained when she looked at him bewildered. "You will not fail me, will you?" he asked, with an abrupt earnestness that sent the blood flying to Gwen's pale cheeks. "Because," he added, "it would be a great, a very great, disappointment to me."

"No," answered Gwen, scarcely realizing what she said. "I promise to come."

She only half heard what Mr. Warde was talking about as he walked back with her. She was living in a dream. But at the gate, as he turned to leave her, she gasped, "Please don't tell them that I have promised," and was gone.

But, though she did not see it, Mr. Warde looked after her as though he understood.

"Where are you going, Gwendolen?" asked Harriet cheerfully. Gwen started nervously and looked around. It was 4 o'clock Monday afternoon as the elder sister came suddenly into the hall and met Gwen, who was hurrying toward the front door in a suspiciously silent manner.

"I'm going down town," answered Gwen.

"Well, wait and I will go with you," Gwen took a great breath.

"I can't wait, Harriet. I've an engagement."

Harriet smiled. "An engagement, eh?" She was always good naturedly indulgent of her sister's childish ways. "And it can't wait?"

"No, it can't," I've promised Mr. Warde that I'd be there at 4."

"Mr. Warde! You've promised him?" Harriet stared. What did this sudden independence mean?

Harriet came close to the door. She was large and fair and had a smiling determination. Gwen did not look up. She knew that one glance from those large, light blue eyes would defeat her bravest plans. Suddenly she flung up her head, her eyes sparkling. "I have promised to help him, and I am going now!" And, flinging open the front door, she rushed into Mr. Warde's arms as he walked up the steps.

"Oh, Mr. Warde!" she began.

"Why, Miss Gwen, what is this?" he asked, with some alarm, for she was sobbing hysterically and clinging to his sleeve.

At that moment he saw Harriet. Instantly he turned and bent his head close to Gwen's, and holding her hands firmly in his, he said softly: "Gwen, I had not meant to ask you yet, but—Gwen, will you marry me some day?" Answer me, dear, before you look up, and then we will go in together."

And low as her answer was he smiled when he heard it.

"Yes," said Gwen, "if—if Harriet will let me."

IN ROYALTY'S SHADOW

By Frank H. Sweet

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As he stumbled down the steps he almost ran into the postman. With a muttered apology he was brushing past when the postman touched his arm.

"A letter for you, Mr. Wyatt," he said.

The young man took it mechanically and slipped it into his pocket, not noticing as he did so that it had been forwarded from the Raleigh. Two weeks before he had been a guest at the Raleigh. Now he was leaving a small back room on C street because he could no longer pay the rent.

But as he turned the corner and went up the avenue his pace began to slacken. He had nowhere to go, so there was no haste. Presently he took out the letter for want of better occupation and carelessly tore off one end.

"There was a large crowd about the New Willard, and it opened readily to let the prince's suit pass through, and not a few admiring glances rested upon the tall, soldierly figure which walked at some distance behind his companions."

Inside the hotel he loitered for some moments near the door gazing at the people outside. After his companions had registered and been assigned to their apartments he seemed to await the prince's return. He was waiting for the name "Fritz" in the room characters. Then he raised his hand imperiously to a complacent looking gentleman who stood near the obsequious clerk and who appeared to be the manager or proprietor of the house.

"Will you be so kind as to direct me to some bank in the neighborhood where I can obtain exchange?" he asked. "I neglected."

The man stepped in front of the clerk, his face wreathed in smiles.

"Any bank would be delighted, Herr—er—Baron Fritz," he answered, with a low bow, "but if you would permit me the accommodation I would be only too delighted to make the advance. His royal highness 'Baron' Fritz raised his hand deprecatingly.

"His royal highness, or, rather, our ambassador, would attend to all such matters, of course, but this is a private affair of my own. You Americans have been so kind that I do not like to tax your courtesy."

"But I assure you, Baron, it will give me the greatest pleasure in the world," eagerly. "I am delighted to have the opportunity. How much shall it be—a thousand, two thousand?"

"No, no, Herr Proprietor; you are too generous. I will soon get my exchange into your money. But just now, to save the inconvenience of going out, I will accept—er—er—it is so hard to reckon in your money—say, \$50. Thank you! No, no more," as the money was counted and passed to him and more offered for his acceptance.

"Now, if you will tell me the way to the—er—what you call—barber shop?"

"Certainly. This boy will show you."

When he left the barber's chair ten minutes later, the soldierly figure in resplendent German uniform did not return to the office, but passed directly to the street.

Three days later the manager of the New Willard hotel received a certified check for \$50 from a bank in Texas, and with it was a short explanatory note from a man who signed himself "Fritz Wyatt."

What Blue Eyes Indicate.

The blue eye indicates love and sentiment. This eye belongs to the temperate or colder regions and is associated with temperate character. It may glow with love, but it never burns with that consuming flame which marks the torrid black. It has amiable dispositions and tastes that are refined, is mentally active and usually of a versatile intellect. The light eyed races have always attained a higher degree of civilization than the dark ones, and that which holds true of nations will be found the same in individuals.

The eyes which borrow their tint from the summer sky dazzle and bewilder, whether flashing in scorn or melting in sorrow. The large blue eye is the type of purity and peace and thrills the heart at a single glance. It has a meaning that you can never forget and an expression which tells of the trusting heart. It is the eye which haunts the lover's dream and has perhaps been praised by poets more than any other color. Even the passionless Wordsworth has told us:

"Those eyes, soft and capacious as a cloudless sky, whose azure depths their color enlures, must needs be conversant with upward looks—prayer's voiceless service."

Duchess Versus Lord Chancellor.

The English house of lords has never been particularly kind to its fair visitors. Long ago, in the days when duchesses sold their kisses for votes, the house of lords forbade them to enter, and a battle royal ensued between the ladies and the peers. The lord chancellor had sworn that he would not let them in, and the Duchess of Queensberry had sworn that ladies should come in. "This being reported," we read in an old diary, "the peers resolved to starve them out. An order was made that the doors should not be opened till they had raised their siege."

These amazons now showed themselves qualified for the duty even of foot soldiers. They stood there till 5 in the afternoon without either sustenance or intermission, every now and then playing volleys of thumps, kicks and raps against the door with so much violence that the speakers in the house were scarcely heard. At last, by strategy worthy of a general, the ladies "all rushed in and placed themselves in the front row of the gallery," where they remained till an hour before midnight, applauding or hissing to their hearts' content.

new and just your at, sir. Five dollars for the night, sir."

"Oh, I only desire it for an hour," the young man said quickly. "I'll give you a dollar and a half for its use and will bring it back here inside of an hour."

"Well, I don't know," returned the customer doubtfully. "That isn't much for such a suit, and you're a stranger."

"It is plenty for only one hour's use," said the young man. "I am a stranger, I will have my watch as security until I return the suit. You would hardly let it during the next hour."

"No, I suppose not. If you're sure to get it back so I can let it for tonight, I wouldn't mind. Still you leave security. Yes, I guess you may take it."

There was a large crowd about the New Willard, and it opened readily to let the prince's suit pass through, and not a few admiring glances rested upon the tall, soldierly figure which walked at some distance behind his companions.

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WIDOW PHILLIPS' REVENGE

By John Arthur

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When Farmer John Phillips got tangled up in a thrashing machine, he left a widow behind him, and he hadn't been buried four weeks when people began to wonder if she wouldn't get married again as soon as decency permitted. Of course most of them concluded that she would, and they added another conclusion to it—viz, that they pitied her second husband.

For a time the second husband was an unknown quantity, but at length farmhouse gossip pitched upon Deacon Spooner. He was well to do and a widower, and it had long been suspected that he had his eye out for a second wife.

Gossip was wrong, however. In the dim past Mrs. Phillips had had occasion to give the deacon a blowing over a sale of a load of hay, and as she did it in plain English and used lots of exclamation points, he had never found it in his heart to forgive her.

"He marry the Widder Phillips?" exclaimed the deacon as he heard the story floating about. "Say, now, I don't want to speak ill of any of my neighbors, but if she was the last woman on earth I wouldn't think of marrying her. She's had temper, extravagant and spiteful, and if she didn't bring me to the poorhouse I'd be expectin' she'd pizen me!"

Every word he uttered found its way to the widow in due time, as a matter of course, but she refused to make any criticisms in reply. In time the deacon calmed down, and the gossip died out, but after events proved that the widow was only biding her time.

One summer day, almost a year after her bereavement, Deacon Spooner started for the village in his old rockaway. At the west corner of the widow's farm and in plain sight of the house was half an acre of bog or swamp, and in this sweet flag grew plentifully. It had always been the custom for everybody to climb the fence and help himself, and Deacon

"Widder, I can't talk of love now."

Spooner hadn't foregone it because of the strained relations. On this day, as he came opposite the bog, the old horse made as if to bolt, and the deacon pulled him up and said to himself:

"I feel as if I was goin' to have heartburn, and I guess I'll climb over and dig a root or two of that flag. I can't see my way clear to marry the Widder Phillips, but that's no reason why I shouldn't take a morsel of root."

The deacon didn't have to hunt far for the flag, but as he was digging out a root his feet slipped into a hole, and he found himself stuck fast. There was quicksand at the bottom of that hole. He seized the hummocks and bushes around him and made a brave struggle, and it was only when he felt the sands about his knees that he began yelling for help. He hadn't hoisted over three or four times when the Widow Phillips appeared. She carried an umbrella, a chair and a new tablecloth she was hemming. She came sauntering down to the bog and placed her chair and tied the open umbrella to its back and sat down before she even looked at the deacon. Then she gave him a long stare of surprise and said:

"I think I have seen you before. This is Deacon Spooner, isn't it?"

"Of course it's me," replied the deacon. "And I've got mixed in this tangle of bog and years and want help to get out. Is your hired man around?"

"He may be somewhere about, but there is no hurry. If you hang to the roots as hard as you can, it will probably be an hour before you sink out of sight. Deacon, you must know that I am a widow!"

"Yes, I do. Wasn't I at the funeral?"

"Yes, I am a widow," she sighed, "but of course I expect to marry again. You also expected that I would, didn't you?"

"Mebbe I did," sullenly replied the deacon.

"I am sure you did or you would not have said so to everybody before John had been dead six weeks. You

also expected that I'd set my cap for you."

"No, I didn't."

"But you took pains to say that you wouldn't marry me if I was the last woman on earth. Have I got such a homely face on me?"

"I can't say you have. But are you going to let me go down out of sight?"

"And what about my disposition, deacon? How did you learn that I was had temper, extravagant and spiteful? Did John go around complaining of me? Did I drive him away from home? Did I land him in the poorhouse?"

"I don't scarcely believe I could have said any such things," replied Deacon Spooner, who was down to his hips now and his teeth chattering with fear.

"There is a lot more," quietly resumed the widow—"enough to keep us busy for half a day—but we won't go over it. I don't believe you said all those harsh things against me out of spite. It was rather because you loved me. People often do talk against those they love, you know. How much do you love me, deacon?"

"I—I hain't said I loved you 'tail," he stammered.

"No, but you will. Up to this time you have been too shy and bashful, but now you are going to speak right out."

"Widder, I can't talk of love when I'm bein' sucked down to my death."

"But it's just the time, deacon. You may feel that you want to die for me. If so, here's your chance. Are you asking for my heart and hand?"

"No, no, I'm askin' for your hired man to help me out of this."

"Oh, but you are mistaken. You feel that no other woman in the world can make you happy. Under the circumstances, deacon, and knowing that you are noble, tender hearted, considerate and generous, I feel that I must say 'Yes,' though I didn't intend to marry again. Take me, deacon, and try to overlook my many faults."

"And we are goin' to get married!" gasped the deacon as he spread his arms abroad to keep from sinking farther.

"Of course. I believe you are not in favor of long engagements; neither am I. Shall we say two weeks from today. It will also astonish the neighbors, this turn about of yours, but we don't care for them. Aren't you happy, Josiah?"

"No—no! I'm in a fix here, and I don't believe you mean what you say, and—"

"Poor Josiah! I must see what I can do for you. Here comes William. Now, William, a couple of rails off the fence. Get them under his arms—so. Now bear down on the ends; now catch his hands and haul him out and lay him on the grass and scrape him off. Use him tenderly, William, for he loves me so. You'll excuse me, dear Josiah, but I've got to run up to the house to see if the bread in the oven is all right."

"Widder," called the deacon as she was moving away, "I've changed my mind, and I'll be hanged if I won't marry you!"

"And I've changed mine," she replied as she halted and bowed, "and I'll be hanged if you do!"

Grasse and Perfumes.

Grasse, even in the opinion of sober historians, would appear to be one of those towns which are predestined to commercial prosperity, and, what is more, its inhabitants through the ages of its existence have shown themselves capable of benefiting by those gifts with which nature has been so prodigal. Omitting allusion to more remote periods, we have the authority of the historian Bouche for the statement that in 1180 all European countries provided themselves with soaps manufactured at Grasse, while the town was also famous for its oils. In 1420, as Massa informs us, its odorous essences, fine oils, exquisite fruits and renowned leathers were a source of great prosperity.

It may interest many to know that, according to the testimony of the greatest historical authority upon Grasse now living, nothing precise has as yet been discovered in the municipal archives relating to the origin of the perfumery works.—Gentlemen's Magazine.

Disraeli's Jokes.

Disraeli dearly loved a joke at the expense of others. An author who had sent his latest effort in fiction to him received the following complimentary acknowledgment:

"I thank you for the book you sent me and will lose no time in reading it. I wonder what makes my eyes so weak," a fierce Radical once said to Disraeli.

"It is because they are in a weak place," was the reply.

An incident in the life of the late Lord Rosslyn shows how acute was the sense of humor in Disraeli. "What can we do with Rosslyn?" he asked of a colleague.

"Make him master of the buck-hounds, as his father was," suggested the latter.

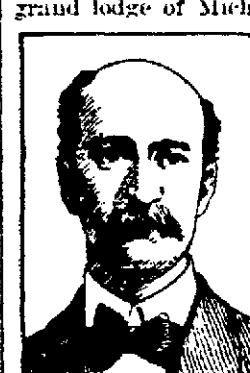
"No," replied the premier, "he swears far too much for that. We will make him high commissioner to the Church of Scotland." And such he was made.—Chambers' Journal.

Ancient Egyptian Stones.

Stones were formed into the shapes of beetles by the ancient Egyptians. They regarded the beetle as an emblem of immortality, and hence it was the most popular of all forms of ornament. Counterfeit beetles of common stones were commonly buried with dead persons, and it was customary to engrave upon them the expression of wishes for future repose and happiness, dedications of the soul to God and various hieroglyphs. One of the latter was a hawk with a human head, symbolizing resurrection. Another, the vulture, meant immortality. A goose was the son of a king.

UNITED WORKMEN

Grand Foreman J. C. Thomas of the grand lodge of Michigan is a resident of Ironwood and a worthy representative of the order.



J. C. THOMAS.

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ship in the upper peninsula of Michigan. In 1894 he was initiated into Zach Claundler lodge of Ironwood and has served it in various official capacities, having been financier for several years. In 1898, 1899 and 1900 he represented his lodge in the grand lodge and was elected grand overseer in 1900, re-elected in 1901 and succeeded to the office of grand foreman in 1902. Mr. Thomas has been a consistent worker for the order and an important factor in its wonderful growth in Michigan.

Excellent work was done by lodges in most of the jurisdictions during the past summer. In one of the hottest months over 6,000 new members were admitted to the order.

Eight of the largest lodges in Michigan are located in Detroit. The membership of Detroit No. 6 is nearly 3,000.

Over \$120,000,000 has been disbursed by the order since its organization.

If the Ancient Order of United Workmen is an order you are willing to trust for the protection of your loved ones when you are called home, why is it not good enough for your friends?

MASONIC.

Give the Secretary a Chance—Friendly Grip.

From time immemorial it has been the custom among Masons on lodge nights to congregate around the secretary's desk and there discuss topics profane and Masonic, says the Illinois Freeman. All seem utterly oblivious of the fact that the secretary has many little matters in his hands requiring careful attention and that conversation distracts him. The secretary's desk should not be made a place of rendezvous. That officer needs all the time he can get of an evening to keep the business of the lodge in proper condition. Brethren are simply thoughtless in this respect and look upon the secretary as a jolly good fellow (until he tries to collect some back dues) and like to be in his company. But, brethren, give him a chance.

The total membership of Knights Templars in the Empire State is 13,578, giving New York second place among the states, Pennsylvania being first, with 14,700.

There are sixty commanderies of Knights Templars in the state of New York.

There are seventy-nine lodges in New Hampshire, with a membership of about 10,000.

There are twelve lodges in Buffalo, with 3,956 members, says the Masonic Standard. The largest lodge in Buffalo is Washington, with 643 members. The second largest is De Molay, with 543 members. The oldest lodge is Hiram.

The grand lodge of North Carolina will build a handsome Masonic temple in Raleigh. The site selected for the edifice is said to be the most desirable in the city.

Some Heroes And a Battery

(Copyright, 1902, by G. L. Kilmer.)

WHEN Grant was pushing his column southward against Pemberton in Mississippi early in December, 1862, a hurry summons was sent the Confederate general in Arkansas to send troops across the Mississippi river for defense of Vicksburg. General Hindman was in northwestern Arkansas at the time the order reached him to countermand. A Federal army under General Blunt was marching from Springfield, Mo., southward to invade Arkansas, and Hindman made up his mind to fight with Blunt before leaving the field.

Blunt took up his position on Cane hill to await the arrival of General Herron's supporting column of 6,000 men, then marching to join him. Blunt was a typical Kansas man of that period. Born in New England, he had settled in Ohio, then emigrated to Kansas. He enlisted in 1861 and rapidly rose to the rank of a general. Having learned that Hindman was marching north to fight, Blunt called up Herron, but when the battle opened, Dec. 7, the Federal columns

A FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY WAR STORY

December 7, 1862

Wisconsin men. "When you see their hands upon those wheels, Dick, fire, but not before!"

Shelby's dismounted troopers lay in the thicket along side of Collins' battery, out of view of the enemy, and the daring assailants bounded along, expecting an easy victory over the silent battery and that of Collins as well. At the base of the slope the Wisconsin men stopped for an instant and drank heartily from their canteens, laughing at the easy task ahead of them. Collins waited as Shelby had directed, waited until the intrepid charging line passed the silent cannon, waited even until the doomed Badgers were within fifty feet of Shelby's crouching troopers, then let fly double loads of canister. Herron's men rallied and with re-enforcements again tried to take the guns, but were driven back to their own batteries, leaving the Confederate pieces untouched.

When the Twentieth Wisconsin received the order to charge the heights, it advanced at double quick the distance of 100 rods, where it came face to face with the enemy. The regiment halted and fired two rounds, then commenced to climb the hill. The slope



COLLINS WAITING FOR THE SIGNAL TO FIRE.

were twelve miles apart. Hindman knew the situation in the enemy's lines and determined to fall upon Herron and crush him, then turn against Blunt. But nothing is certain in war. The Confederate cavalry under the noted Marmaduke rode out to meet Herron and was checked at Prairie Grove. Hindman rushed forward his infantry, but instead of attacking the isolated column at once, he formed his line and awaited Herron's attack. Herron was a soldier to fight on sight, and he threw his column against Hindman at noon. The sound of firing reached Blunt, who knew that his ally had been headed off on the march to his position, and, without a moment's delay, he started for Prairie Grove. The Federal columns combined outnumbered Hindman's force by about 2,000 and were better supplied with artillery.

After fighting vainly for four hours Hindman retreated, having lost 1,300 men. The brunt of the fighting fell upon Herron's column, which made the fiercest attacks.

An episode of the little known battle of Prairie Grove worthy to be recalled after forty years was the combat between Collins' famous battery of flying artillery and one of Herron's brigades led by the Twentieth Wisconsin infantry.

Captain Dick Collins was a noted character in the transmississippi army. His battery had become an institution in the famous brigade of rough riders headed by General Joe Shelby before he gravitated to the leadership. It lost no glory under his command. Like the celebrated artillery chiefs who fought under Stonewall Jackson, Job Stuart and Forrest, Collins was a man after his leader's own heart. Shelby handled Collins and Collins handled the guns. At Prairie Grove Shelby's brigade with Marmaduke's whole command was massed on a hill to await the charge of Herron's line. Herron had forty-five cannon and Marmaduke ten. The fight opened with a fierce artillery duel, for Herron wished to give Blunt time to move more troops to the field.

As the fight progressed Collins changed his pieces from one point to another to impress the enemy with the strength of the Confederate artillery. Finally four guns of a companion battery were left between the lines with all his horses and cannoneers shot down, just as the Twentieth Wisconsin dashed forward on a bayonet charge. It looked as though the helpless battery was doomed. Shelby stood near and said to Collins, pointing to the

was covered with dense underbrush, and it was with great difficulty that the Wisconsin men advanced. Pressing on in as good a line as possible, they encountered the Confederate battery. After stopping to fire one volley the assailants rushed forward among the guns. The men raised a cheer of exultation, while the color bearer, Sergeant Teal, hoisted the flag over one of the guns. Then they pressed on toward the Confederate line, getting within thirty feet of Shelby's ranks. A terrible storm of bullets greeted their advance, and under the fire of Collins' guns the whole line at last gave way. A heavy column of Confederate reserve infantry also moved up on the flank, threatening to engulf the brave Badgers, and there was no course left but to retreat.

Seeing the Wisconsin men retreat, Hindman's troops advanced and continued to pour a galling fire into the shattered ranks, pursuing them until they had fallen back beyond the dismantled battery. The charge of the Twentieth lasted but twenty minutes, but in that brief time over 200 men, nearly half the number engaged, were shot down. One soldier was hit by eight bullets.

After the stunning defeat of his plans, Hindman withdrew his army behind the Arkansas river and attempted to reorganize it for another campaign. But a couple of weeks after the battle of Prairie Grove Blunt moved rapidly up with a strong force and Hindman lastly retreated to Little Rock, leaving all northwestern Arkansas to the Federals. Hindman was declared to be a man of genius for a secretary of war or a department commander, but not capable of commanding an army or executing a plan of battle. His failure to dispose of Blunt renewed the activity of the Federal west of the Mississippi, but Prairie Grove was the last battle of the year in the transmississippi country.

By opposing Hindman in the north and following him in his retreat after the battle of Prairie Grove, Blunt prevented the departure of Confederate troops to oppose Grant's onward march against the stronghold at Vicksburg.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

Sure to Get It.
Smythe (to servant)—Bridget, I have to go out this evening and I want you to see that your mistress gets this note as soon as she comes in without fail.

Bridget—Yiss, sorr; I'll just leave it in the pocket of the trousers y've just taken off.



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Science will work as kindly and will do as much for agriculture as for any of the varied lines of men's business.

One sign of a snowy winter is said to be that the carriage dealers are laying in a big stock of sleighs and cutters.

Kansas has a grand corn crop this year, and much of it will go into beef. It is estimated that 800,000 steers will be on full feed in that state by Christmas.

The state of Missouri leads all the states of the Union this year in the yield of corn per acre, her rating by the government crop report being 104. The crop there is simply immense.

The Ames (Ia.) experiment station makes out that soft corn is worth just as much for feed for stock as hard corn, only it takes 20 per cent more of it, this to offset the 20 per cent of water which the soft corn contains.

There is said to be one village in England, a country infested with sparrows as is no other, where there is never a sparrow to be seen and where there never has been any. It would be very interesting to know why these birds shun this particular locality.

The man who raises the best things of their kind is never bothered to find a market for them. It is only the men who produce the mediocre and low grade stuff who have trouble in finding buyers. Ten men raise common stuff and common stuff where one raises only the best, and right here opens a field for agricultural development and progress which is almost illimitable in extent.

We are asked when is the best time of year to prune and trim up trees, both shade and orchard trees. We prefer the last of May or the first of June for shade and orchard trees, as then, the sap being in full flow, the wounds made on the trees are more quickly healed over. Our hardy deciduous shade trees, however, may be trimmed at any time and suffer no ill effects. Water sprouts on fruit trees should be cut whenever they make their appearance.

In many places the town man with his gun, out to kill something, becomes a veritable terror to all forms of wild life—woodchucks, squirrels, even the little red oxes, and the chipmunks, doves, quail, hawks and owls, night hawks, robins and song birds, all become marks for him to shoot at. We do not blame any man for posting his land and shutting this sort out from entering on the farm. No man on the farm can afford to have this wild life thus destroyed.

The lately formed farm machinery trust concerns the farmers of the whole country. It is in a financial way one of the strongest trusts in the whole country and has a practical clinch on the business, for the reason that it controls very valuable patents. It is said that the price of machinery is to be advanced, and it probably will be, for just as matrimony is the objective point in courtship so higher prices and bigger profits are the real objective point of all trust schemes.

Said a butter maker to us not long since: "Notwithstanding all that has been written and talked and after years of experience in dairying there is no end of farmers who will not take proper care of their milk. If I should fire back from the creamery all the milk which ought to be sent back, I should either lose my job or else break up the business." There is too much truth in what this man said. The one chief reason why so much butter which tests below 90 is made is because the milk is not properly cared for, the butter maker not having yet been born who can make a fine quality of butter from a poor quality of milk.

The fellows who are believers in signs are out these days prophesying. One says that because the summer has been abnormally cool we shall have a warm winter and cites as evidence the fact that the cornhunks have opened early, the rat houses are small and that there is some kind or other about the breastbone of the goose. Another says that there will be deep snows and much intense cold, as such winters always follow such a summer as that of 1902. The fact is that one can get any sort of a winter predicted if he can only strike the right prophet. The truth is that the whole kit and caboodle of them know nothing about the weather, and the only advice worth giving is to get the crops all harvested and secured, fix house, barns and sheds up snug for the winter and get a good supply of fuel handy and then notify the weather clerk to let her go.

At 40 cents a bushel the 1902 corn crop of this country is worth the enormous sum of \$240,000,000.

If the hired girl will keep feeding with gasoline and kerosene to start the kitchen fire, it may become necessary to compel her to dress in asbestos cloth.

The annual consumption of dairy products per person in this country is 19 pounds 3 ounces of butter, 3 pounds 7 ounces of cheese, 1 pound 1 ounce of cream, 237 pounds 1 ounce of milk.

The latest corn story is that a man who treated his seed corn to a 240 volt current of electricity before planting succeeded in doubling the yield of the crop. We simply do not believe this yarn.

Any man who will keep corn, hoping to get a dollar a bushel for it, ought to be compelled to take a quarter for it and find that the rats had taken a fourth of the crib for toll. We knew one just such case.

It costs from 20 to 25 cents to raise a bushel of corn in Illinois. When Kansas has a big crop like that of the present season she can raise it for 15 or 17 cents a bushel, or less money probably than can any other state.

The October government crop report puts the corn crop of 1902 as follows: Missouri, 104; Indiana, 97; Kansas, 57; Nebraska, 56; South Dakota, 53; Iowa, 70. The northernmost states show the effects of the September frost.

While pursuils will keep in the ground all winter, they may, part of them at least, be dug in the fall, be given one good freeze and then if packed in sand in the cellar will have all the sweetness which leaving them in the ground all winter is supposed to secure.

A farmer in southern Minnesota is the owner of a horse which of his own volition, getting loose one night in the barn, deliberately walked up the barn stairs and into the hayloft twenty feet from the barn floor. There was a great hunt for that horse, and when found it was no small job to get him back to terra firma.

We have been hauling straw from a stack which was piled up any way because it would have cost \$3 per day for a man to have properly stacked it. The straw is more than half of it spoiled for any purpose save bedding. If a man could have had what straw was wasted, he could have made \$6 a day stacking it properly.

A man should strive to be rated as an expert in some one thing. For instance, a farmer should be known as the producer of some one farm product of the very best of its kind to be found, we care not whether it be some sort of crop raised or some kind of stock kept. If he produces the very best of its kind, it serves to give him a name and reputation as well as to bring dollars to his pocket.

Experiments at the Illinois station have shown that corn varies very much in the amount of protein which it contains, it having been already bred up from 3 to 13 per cent of protein. Further experiments which are being made indicate that this amount of protein can be still further increased by careful selection. There is no one thing being done in the line of experimental agriculture which is of more importance than this of increasing if possible the per cent of nitrogenous matter in our corn.

It is more than likely that the wet summer will be followed by a winter of deep snows in all the north country, and snowdrifts as high as the tops of the fences very forcibly remind one of the need of having both fuel and fodder under cover at the homestead. We think that we have been as hot as it was possible for one to be when the mercury was 25 below and a blizzard on a tear just trying to dig hay out of a Minnesota prairie haystack and get it into the shed for the stock. While it was unavoidable in those pioneer days, we do not want to have to do it again.

Whenever a farm product brings a fair price and we have it ready for market, we always let it go. In the long run it does not pay for the producer to turn speculator. Farm profits are seldom extraordinary ones. We recall the case of a man who had forty 300 pound hogs ready for market. The prevailing price was \$4.50 to \$4.90. He vowed he would not sell until he got \$5, and he fed them forty cent corn through some very cold weather, when the hogs made little or no gain, until the cholera struck the herd and swiped half of them before he could get the rest marketed.

Not in twenty-five years have we had such a luxuriant growth of strawberry vines to cover up for the winter as this fall. The promise for a large crop of berries next season is very flattering, as these thrifty plants must have set an enormous quantity of fruit buds for the crop of 1903. And here we are asked how to cover the strawberries and when. We take clean straw or marsh hay if it can be obtained and when the ground is finally frozen up scatter about two inches of cover on the bed. In the spring this cover is taken in between the rows and serves the double purpose of a mulch and a protection for the berries from the dirt. And remember it is best to leave it undisturbed as long as possible in the spring as the plants are thereby to some extent held back from blooming so early that a late spring frost would catch them.

WOULD SELL AND SQUARE UP.

We have this case presented to us for advice: A man owning 100 acres of good prairie land, improved, is carrying a mortgage indebtedness of \$2,000. The farm is worth and would sell for \$11,000. He wishes to know if it is best for him to sell it and buy an eighty acre farm and be free from debt or loan on and try to pay out where he is. He further wishes to know what the chances are as to a return of hard times for the farmer. Now, this man wants to know a good deal; wants more information than it is possible for any man to give him. We will say this much, however: On general principles we had much rather have an eighty acre farm and be free from debt than 100 acres and carry a debt of \$2,000. It is worth far more from our point of view to be able to enjoy life and be independent as one goes along than to be reaching out, sweating and striving for a big pile for heirs to scrap over. By working himself and his goodwife almost to a finish this man can probably pay for the big farm, but he really has got more land than he needs when he has done it. We would sugar off if we were in his place. As to prospective changes in the profits of agriculture, the present times make farming a very profitable business. It is hardly to be expected that such a condition is to continue indefinitely. Just as soon as the production of farm products exceeds the demand there will come a reaction, and much lower prices will prevail, when a six thousand dollar mortgage will no longer be a small burden. Present agricultural prosperity is the direct result of a marvelous commercial and mechanical development of the country at large, and just as soon as mills stop manufacturing, railways stop building new lines and laboring men are either discharged or have to accept lower wages then will the farmer find the present agricultural picnic at an end. We do not know when this will come, but the wise man will get ready for it.

HOME GROWN PROTEIN.

How to obtain the needed protein ration from the products of the farm is one of the problems which invite much careful thought and investigation. The average crop of the average farm is deficient in protein and carries an excess of carbonaceous or fat forming material. This is especially true wherever corn is grown as a staple crop. Now, if there is any way in which to remedy this trouble it is well worth finding out. Among the possible farm crops which are rich in protein are alfalfa, clover and peas, and if more of these crops were produced on the farm less money would have to be spent for bran, linseed oil, cottonseed and gluten meals. An analysis proves that well cured alfalfa contains as much protein pound for pound as does wheat bran. It is thus easy to see that if it is at all possible to grow alfalfa it alone will remedy the trouble. Not every man's farm will grow it, but thousands can who do not. The wise man will at least give it a fair trial. Clover is also rich in nitrogenous matter and should be grown for this sole purpose of helping to balance up the food rations if for no other. Peas are equally rich in protein, and in the form of pea hay or as silage should be more used. It is worth noting that all three of these plants, besides furnishing a much needed form of ration, have the happy faculty of improving the soil upon which they are grown and are in no sense exhaustive, but instead are recuperative crops for any soil. This matter is worth any man's attention.

A HEAVY RAINFALL.

Southern Minnesota, all of Iowa and parts of Illinois, Nebraska and Kansas have received a rainfall of nearly three feet since the 8th day of May, some portions of this territory getting as much as fifty inches. The effect of this unusual downfall of rain has been to spoil the crops on all low lands brought under cultivation during the preceding dry seasons, badly wash and gutter the farm lands on the hillsides, start all springs to flowing once more, raise the level of all the lakes and ponds, rejuvenate all forest and orchard growth and pasture lands, secure a wonderfully fine stand of the tame grasses and clover where sown last spring, insure a remarkable second crop of tame hay for late September cutting, lower the grade of nearly all the small grain produced, invite the coming of an early September frost, impact all clay soils and those deficient in humus into a hardpan and in a general way completely change farm conditions as they existed prior to the great rainfall.

NO BEST BREED OF FOWLS.

We are frequently asked as to which is the best breed of fowls to select. There is no best breed. The returns from the poultry yard depend almost wholly upon the care given to the fowls. Some breeds, notably the Leghorns, Houdans, Spanish and Dominiques, are probably better layers and less prone to spend their time in sitting than are the Asiatic breeds, but as a general rule the nonsitting varieties do not lay as large eggs and are not of so much value as producers of meat as the others. We are going to start a poultry yard on a moderate scale next year, keeping 200 or 250 laying hens, and have decided to use the Plymouth Rocks as most nearly combining the best in egg and meat production. Still we had almost as soon take the Houdans or the Wyandottes, and believe that we would be well satisfied with the Leghorns. The main thing is feed and care.

John Trigg

A MODEL TOWN.

One to be shown at the St. Louis Exposition.

A "model town," with everything just as it should be—streets wide, well paved and clean, with no overhead wires and unsightly billboards and public buildings perfect in their arrangements—will be a feature of the coming St. Louis exposition. There will be no crooked, badly paved thoroughfares and no fire trap buildings. Streets will be lighted with the latest improvements, and the police and fire protection will be arranged with the idea of teaching lessons to the towns and cities.

Upon a circular inclosed space the town will be built, three types of street planning being used, which, in their combination, are thought to offer the best and most potentially beautiful ground plan, says the Philadelphia Times. These are the radial, circular and gridiron types. The circular boulevard, so often seen in the old world cities, will be laid around the town, one-half of it being laid out as a park road, properly planted. The other half of the boulevard will be used for exhibition purposes. In the center of the park road will be the railroad station on a square just touching the outer edge of the boulevard. Extending from this open entrance to the town at a slight upward grade will be a broad, well paved street, ending in a plaza.

This plaza will be the official as well as the actual center. Around it will be the group of public buildings, the county courthouse, the town hall, the postoffice. The plaza will be laid out with unusual care and in such a way that it and the surrounding structures will form a harmonious whole.

As the streets are to form one of the main parts of the exhibit, they will be used to illustrate the principles of municipal art. They will have good pavements and gutters, smooth sidewalks and will be kept spotlessly clean. There will be no overhead wires, no waste paper and refuse, no billboards. Street signs will be plain and perfectly legible. The lights will be simple and dignified. There may even be seats along the way.

Not only will the promoters attempt to show what ought to be avoided in making a town beautiful, but they will make use of only the most artistic furnishings in hydrants, mail boxes, refuse receptacles, the lighting apparatus and the public convenience stations.

DISPOSAL OF GARBAGE.

Method and Cost of Burning It in England.

While the accumulation of refuse in the smaller towns has not so great a bearing on public health as in the larger towns and cities neatness and cleanliness are always desirable, and many diseases are directly traced to carelessness in this matter. Typhoid fever is considered by scientists as a filth disease. Ignorance and stupidity are often responsible for outbreaks of disease in localities that with trifling care in the disposition of sink drains and garbage would never have occurred. Kitchen refuse thrown in a heap in the back yard, there to fester and rot, is always a dangerous neighbor. What cannot be burned should be disposed of in a manner that will preclude the possibility of its becoming a menace to public health.

The refuse in the district of Ealing, adjacent to London, which has a population of 25,000, is burned in a patent "destructor" which has four cells. It has a chimney 143 feet in height. The fuel used is a fine coke, and the quantity consumed costs 37 cents a day. The cost of the destructor was \$10,000. The quantity of refuse burned is 6,120 tons per year. The heat from the destructor is utilized by a boiler supplying steam for an engine which drives the lime mixing machines and clay mixer for the sewage portion of the works.

The local authorities in the Battersea division of London, with a population of 150,000, have erected a patent destructor with a chimney 150 feet in height. It cost \$57,000 and consumes 28,000 tons of refuse a year, and there are no complaints about offensive odor.

Roads as an Attraction.

The board of supervisors of Nevada county, Cal., met recently and unanimously adopted the following resolutions, says the San Francisco Chronicle: "Whereas, The public roads of Nevada county are in a deplorable condition, for which reason immigration to Nevada county is discouraged; and, whereas, the funds of the several road districts as well as the general road fund of said county are in a depleted condition, which renders it impossible for the road commissioners of said county to place said roads in proper condition; and, whereas, in the opinion of this board nothing would tend more to aid in the work of inducing immigration to said county than the placing of the roads in better condition, which improvement would also incidentally advertise the agricultural, mineral and manufacturing interests of said county; now, therefore, be it unanimously ordered by this board that the sum of \$1,000 be appropriated from the general fund of the county to the general road fund to aid in the work of inducing immigration to said Nevada county by so improving the public thoroughfares."

The Town's Sidewalks.

A little effort on the part of householders would go a long way toward making the sidewalks a source of pride rather than the useless and dangerous pathways that border all too many of the streets. In the interest of beauty, safety and neatness let us have uniform sidewalks and keep them in proper repair.

PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.

WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.

A Guide for Visitors and Members.

ONE CASTLE, NO. 4, E. C. A.

Meets at Hall, Pelrice Block, High St.

Second and Fourth Wednesday of each month.

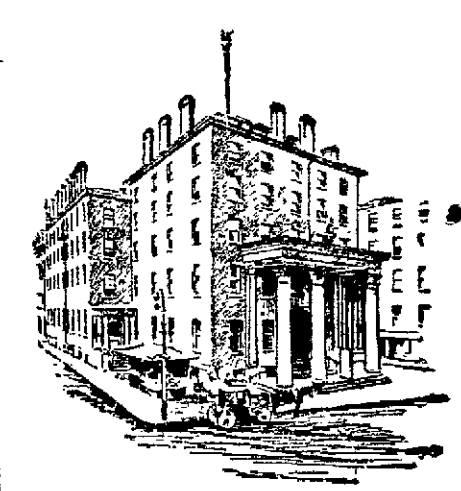
Officers—A. L. Phinney, Past Chief; Charles C. Charleson, Noble Chief; Fred Hickey, Vice Chief; William Hampshire, High Priest; Frank H. Meloon, Venerable Hermit; George P. Knight, Sir Heron; Saml E. Gardner, M. of R.; Fred Gardner, K. of E.; C. W. Hanscom, C. of E.

PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, NO. 8, O. U. A. M.

Meets at Hall, Franklin Block, First and Third Thursday of each Month.

Officers—C. W. Hanscom, Councilor; John Hooper, Vice Councilor; William P. Gardner, Senior Ex-Councilor; Charles Allen, Junior Ex-Councilor; Frank Pike, Recording Secretary; Frank Langley, Financial Secretary; Joseph W. Marden, Treasurer; Chester E. Odiorne, Inducor; George Kimball, Examiner; Arthur Jenness, Inside Protector; George Kay, Outside Protector; Trustees, Harry Hersum, Edward Clapp, W. P. Gardner.

THE REVERE HOUSE



Bowdoin Square, Boston,

HAS FOR YEARS BEEN THE LEADING HOTEL IN BOSTON. IT HAS BEEN THOROUGHLY RENOVATED BY THE NEW MANAGEMENT.

C. L. Yorke & Co.

ALSO PROPRIETORS

BOSTON TAVERN

FIREPROOF.

Rooms from \$1.00 Up

Old India Pale Ale

Homestead Ale

AND

Nourishing Stout

Are specially brewed and bottled by

THE FRANK JONES Brewing Co.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Ask your Dealer or them.

BOTTLED IN PINTS AND QUARTS

The Best Spring Tonic on the Market.

THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC.
NOVEMBER 10.

NEW ENGLAND. NOV. 10. MOON SETS. (EST. A. M.)
6:55 A. M. MOON SETS. (EST. A. M.)
LAKESIDE OF DAY. (EST. A. M.)
Full Moon, Nov. 15th, 10:45 a. m. evening, E.
Last Quarter, Nov. 22d, 11:45 a. m. morning, E.
New Moon, Nov. 29th, 11:45 a. m. evening, W.
First Quarter, Dec. 5th, 11:45 a. m. morning, W.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

Washington, Nov. 9.—Forecast for New England: Fair Monday, warmer in northwest portion, Tuesday fair, except rain or snow in mountain districts, colder in west portion; brisk northwest winds on south coast.

MUSIC HALL BOX OFFICE HOURS.

Open 7:30 to 9:00 a. m., 12:30 to 2, 5 to 6, and 7 to 8 p. m., three days in advance of each attraction. Tickets may be ordered by calling Telephone No. 372.

MONDAY, NOV. 10, 1902.



CITY BRIEFS.

Clothes line thieves are at work. The police had a quiet day yesterday.

The Granite Monthly for November is out.

What will the Constitutional convention do?

Football enthusiasm in Portsmouth is at a high pitch.

There was a good attendance at all the churches Sunday.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

Boston and Maine stock sold at 194 on the Boston exchange Saturday.

Sunday was Bible day in the Sunday schools of the Baptist denomination.

The concert at Music hall on Wednesday afternoon will begin at 2:30.

Water in all ponds and streams continues high for the season of the year.

Tickets for the concert of Creator's band went on sale this morning.

Three weeks from today the constitutional convention will convene at Concord.

The Fort Warren football team will play the Maplowoods in this city next Saturday.

Don't be unjust. All the new hats you see on the street are not the out come of election heats.

Secure your tickets early for the concert on Wednesday afternoon by Creator's great band.

It is announced that the Boston and Maine railroad is to build at once 300 box cars at its own shops.

The late Hon. Frank Jones of Portsmouth carried life insurance in twelve different companies.

Cures croup, sore throat, pulmonary troubles.—Monarch over pain of every sort. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

Furnished rooms to let, centrally located, with steam heat and modern conveniences. Apply at this office.

Nov. 9 was the twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity, in the Anglican church. In the Catholic church it was the twenty-third after Pentecost.

Tickets for the Unity club dance may be secured at Paul M. Harvey's, Congress street, and of club members. Floor tickets are 50 cents, gallery 25 cents.

N. W. Ayer's Newspaper Directory for 1902 is likely to be a popular publication in Portsmouth, inasmuch as it gives the population of that village as 52,430.

Scald head is an eczema of the scalp—very severe sometimes, but it can be cured. Doan's Ointment, quick and permanent in its results. At any drug store, 50 cents.

"New Hampshire people have doubtless all noticed the very superior brand of weather which is being sent out from the newly established government weather bureau at Concord."—Laconia Democrat.

WHEN REUBEN COMES TO TOWN.

POLICE COURT.

Michael Brennan, a Sunday drunk, received the usual fine of \$10 and costs before Judge Emery in police court this morning. Michael did not have the necessary with him and may have to go up.

IMPORTANT SOCIAL EVENT IN JAMESTOWN.

A skunk took up its abode in the house of Daniel Corlier, of Jamestown, this week.—Buffalo Times.

"A dose in time saves lives." Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup; nature's remedy for coughs, colds, pulmonary diseases of every sort.

PLAYED A GREAT GAME.

Maplowoods Gave Newburyport

Football Team A Hard Fight.

Despite Their Weight Visitors Made But A Single Touchdown.

Home Team Gave Its Opponents A Scare In The First Half.

The Maplowood football team met its first defeat in two seasons at Maplowood park on Saturday afternoon, losing to the strong Newburyport Athletic club eleven by the close score of five to nothing.

The game was by far the best seen in this city, since the great contest between the Unity club and New Hampshire college in 1900. It was exciting from start to finish and came to an end far too soon to suit the majority of the spectators. The home team played a fast and plucky game against an eleven of heavier and more experienced players. Newburyport was forced to fight for every inch of ground gained and in the first half was given a bad scare. By steady rushing, aided by two penalties for offside play, the Maplowoods had carried the ball inside Newburyport's five yard line and but for the call of time might have scored.

The visitors owe their victory almost entirely to the services of their big left tackle, Haggood, a former Brown university player and an All-America substitute. Haggood is heavy, fast and strong, and once started, it seemed almost impossible to pull him off his feet. He gained his distance nearly every time he was given the ball.

Newburyport kicked off in the first half, but the Maplowoods were unable to gain and McDougall punted. Newburyport, however, after the first two or three rushes was thrown back or a loss and was also forced to punt.

The home team was again obliged to resort to kicking, but Newburyport's amous backs made little impression on the Maplowood's line and nearly every time that an end play was tried, the runner was downed for a loss. Morrissey finally broke through and secured the ball on a fumble and Lane was sent through Rogers or a gain of ten yards. The Maplowoods continued to pierce the right side of Newburyport's line and in their anxiety the visitors were twice penalized for being offside. The home team carried the ball down the field persistently rushing and crossed Newburyport's five yard line. Here the visitors braced and held for one down and the time keeper's whistle ended the struggle for a time.

In the second half, Newburyport secured the ball on the kick-off and began to play with a desperation that kept the Maplowoods off their feet. The locals tried hard to stem the tide, but their efforts were unavailing. Haggood broke through the line and advanced twenty yards before he could be downed. The ball was now not more than a yard from the Maplowood's goal line and E. Shepard carried it over. He planted it squarely between the posts, but the try for goal was fizzle and the ball was carried back to the center of the field.

Try as they would, the visitors were unable to score again. Although Haggood made several good gains, the Newburyport back field failed to second his efforts and a fumble gave the ball to the Maplowoods.

Lane again distinguished himself by a pretty dash through the line, but he dropped the ball when he was tackled and Newburyport regained possession of it. Haggood was tried again and advanced fifteen yards, but on the next play the ball rolled outside. Before it could be brought in again, time was called and the game was over.

McDonough as referee gave one of the best exhibitions ever seen here. He had the game well in hand at all times and interpreted the rules strictly in spite of the remonstrances of the members of either team.

The Maplowoods deserve great credit for the game they played on Saturday. They have not won a victory in three years of which they have so much reason to be proud as of Saturday's defeat. The Newburyport team has been called the strongest athletic club team in New England. This season it has defeated Phillips Exeter and Tufts university and came here on Saturday expecting an easy victory. The score:

N. A. C. M. A. C.
Barton 10.....re Tibbatts
Haggood 10.....re Tibbatts
Pike 10.....re Tibbatts
Howard 10.....re Tibbatts

Chapman 10.....re Tibbatts
Rogers 10.....re Tibbatts
Noyes 10.....re Tibbatts
Shepard 10.....re Tibbatts
Shepard 10.....re Tibbatts
Currier 10.....re Tibbatts
Pope 10.....re Tibbatts
Score, Newburyport A. C. 5 Touchdowns, E. Shepard, Umpire, Nelson. Referee, R. D. McDonough. Linesmen, Marks and Page. Time 15m periods. Timekeepers, Page and Fowle.

NOTES FROM THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

A fine congregation was present at the Universalist church on Sunday to greet the venerable Rev. Charles H. Leonard, D. D., dean of Tufts college, and to listen to an able sermon by him on "All Souls are God's."

At the conclusion of the discourse Dr. Leonard christened with unusual fervor and impressiveness Justin Chapman Dickens, the youngest son of Hainclum Curtis Hoyt Dickens, U. S. N., the predecessor of Rev. Mr. Leighton as pastor of this church.

The turkey dinner to be given on Wednesday next at Freeman's hall will be a veritable Thanksgiving feast. Three hundred plates will be laid and only that number of tickets issued, these to be numbered. A large advance sale has been made thereof so that all purchasers will be sure of a dinner.

The ladies of the Universalist parish will meet in the vestry every Thursday afternoon for the purpose of sewing.

MIDDLE STREET CHURCH NOTES.

Miss Nina H. Drake, daughter of the late Francis B. Drake of North Hampton, is to address the Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor in the East chapel on the evening of November 18.

On the following day there is to be a parish social banquet in the chapel and given under the auspices of the Ladies' Missionary society. Tickets are to be sold for the same.

The State Sunday School association meets at Milford on November 12 and 13.

MARRIAGE ANNIVERSARY.

Thirty-nine years ago—the evening of November 9, 1863—occurred the marriage of former City Marshal and Mrs. Jefferson C. Rowe in Glen cottage, (now owned by the Hill estate) on Middle street, which was then occupied by the officiating clergyman, Rev. A. J. Patterson, who was pastor of the Universalist church. Mr. and Mrs. Rowe quietly observed the event on Sunday.

THE LEIBROCK'S NEW HOME.

Glen cottage on Middle street, the property by descent of Mrs. Georgina W. Hill Leibrock, has just been moved back from its long time location to become a part of a fine dwelling to be located on the site of that charming cottage and to be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Leibrock. The new house will face on Middle street and with entrance therefrom.

WORK COMMENCED.

Ever since the breaking of ground for the new Y. M. C. A. building last Friday, workmen have been busily engaged in excavating upon the site, and teams have been hauling the filling, which is being given away. The old wooden buildings in the rear are being torn down and it is quite probable that the blasting of the many ledges will begin about December first.

HIGH AND DRY ON SHORE.

A finback whale sixty-five or seventy feet in length was found high and dry on the shore at Davis neck, Bay View, Mass., near the former summer residence of Gen. B. F. Butler, Sunday morning. The whale was seen floating in Ipswich bay, Saturday, by fishermen, but they made no attempt to secure it.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Superior court resumed business in this city today and the Ahearn vs. Connell case was taken up where it was left off on Friday last. The arguments will be made and the case given to the jury this afternoon.

TO MEET THE DIRECTORS.

Messrs. Robert L. and Robert S. Fosburgh left this morning for New York city, where they will meet the directors of the White Mountain Paper company in regard to a settlement.

GOING TO DOVER.

Alpha Connell, No. 83, Royal Arcanum, go to Dover on the evening of the 18th inst. to visit the council of that place. The Dorchester, Mass., degree team will be present and work several degrees.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Stops falling hair. Makes hair grow. Restores color. Cures dandruff.

J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

GEN. GILMAN MARSTON.

Appreciative Sketch Of A Well Known Soldier And Statesman.

The following sketch, contributed to the columns of the Exeter News Letter, is so interesting that it has been deemed worthy of republication: History knows the late General Gilman Marston as a fearless New Hampshire soldier, a United States senator and a brilliant lawyer, but the finer side of his character is comparatively unknown, except to those who knew him in his daily life. His grandeur of manhood, such as truth, devotion to duty, sympathy for and protection of the weak combined, with bravery, that in others might be called recklessness, but in the heroic type that General Marston belonged to, was a fearless desire to brave danger and overcome it.

He worshipped God, but didn't know it. The old general believed there was something better to do in this world than to quarrel over theology and creeds, and a favorite saying of his was, "It is not what a man believes but what he lives, that counts."

The soldierly, white-haired man, with the noble head and Roman face, sitting at his office desk, made a picturesque figure only seen in portraits of great masters. He loved children and he loved music. At times he would be full of harmonious life just as a long silent harp is full of sound when the musician's fingers sweep over the strings. The old general's favorite song was the exquisite war song, "Tenting tonight on the old camp ground, thinking of days gone by." When the singer reached the last verse, "Dying tonight, dying on the old camp ground," the old soldier would quietly leave the room with his eyes swimming in tears.

One summer General Marston invited a noted Boston pianist and composer (Ernest Perabo) to make him a visit at his bachelor home in Exeter. The musician's life had been a sad one, and he, like the Italian tragedienne, Duse, thought "life not worth the trouble of living." Genius is hard to define, but this man was called a genius and a pessimist. Music and his great love for his mother were the ruling passions of his life. In his youth he had met with disappointment and, having a sensitive, finely strung temperament, he had been misunderstood by the world, but his mother always stood by to encourage and comfort her idolized son.

General Marston met the musician, just after he had lost his mother, and the great heart of the old soldier went out to the broken hearted man, and he urged him to come and make a visit where he could do "exactly as he liked." A grand piano was sent down from Boston and the musician often played to the soldier far into the night. Meeting the general one day and expressing a wish to hear the noted musician play, he said, in his bluff way, "You come down to my house this evening, and if he feels in the mood for it he may possibly play to you, but he is a strange cuss and may not come into the room at all."

The writer was received that evening by the host himself, who ushered her into the parlor where sat the weird looking player looking over manuscript. After an introduction he began at once to tell the story of his own wretchedness and all the details of his mother's life and death. Ten o'clock came and then eleven, and still the musician talked on. The old general had fallen asleep, and the room seemed full of ghosts. The evening had passed without a note of music and only the sound of a man's sad voice broke the silence. With a few sympathizing words and a farewell the visit came to an end.

When the musician found himself alone he turned down the lamps and seated himself at the piano. For a moment he touched the keys as though in doubt, then something triumphant floated out to the quiet stars. The blight and swam of trivial interests and endeavors he had been forced to stem, that had been marring his compositions, took flight. As though summoned by enchantment, an invisible choir of immortals seemed to hover near him and he felt not unworthy of their presence.

The silver light slept upon the ceiling; the moon and stars sank and disappeared in turn and the dawn came up young, with a smile upon it, and found the musician still there.

SARAH B. LAWRENCE.

SETTING OUT TREES.

The City Improvement society commenced work this morning on the setting out twenty-five young trees on State and Pleasant streets. The trees are divided between the varieties of elm and maple.

PERSONALS.

Guy E. Corey went to Exeter this morning.

Joseph Tupper of Lynn, Mass., was in town today.

William G. Rand of Boston passed Sunday in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Fay left on Saturday for New York.

John S. Whidden of Exeter was a visitor in town today.

Captain Wilde, U. S. N., came down from Boston this morning.

Messrs. Horace and William Peverly went to Boston this morning on a visit.

Mrs. Kell, wife of Major A. C. Kell, U. S. A., retired, is the guest of friends in Boston.

Messrs. William T. Morrissey and John C. Colan passed Sunday with friends in Boston.

Amos Pearson and Miss Helen Pearson are the guests of Mark Pearson of New Bedford, Mass.

Frank C. Langley has again taken up the duties of weigher in the Boston and Maine railroad yard.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Mulcahey of Portland, Me., formerly of this city, are rejoicing over the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hildebrand have taken the rooms on State street recently vacated by Hosea Q. Mason.

Wallace Hackett left today for Chicago on a business trip. Mr. Hackett expects to be gone about a week.

Officer James McCaffrey is acting as assistant marshal during the absence of Michael Hurley, who is on his vacation.

Augustus Dondoro, who has been passing several months in Europe, sailed from Genoa, Italy, last Saturday for New York.

Assistant Marshal Hurley is enjoying his annual leave of absence, which will be passed in Boston and other New England cities.

Albert Garland, who has been in the employ of R. H. Beacham & Son, will soon leave to carry on the farm of Horace Mitchell at Spruce Creek, Kentucky.

Rev. Thomas Whiteside goes to Salisbury today, to attend the Dover district preachers' meeting. He will preach there tomorrow morning and at Methuen, Mass., tomorrow evening. He will visit Boston before returning home.

KATHERINE WILLARD'S SUCCESS.

Katherine Willard's tour in Theodore Kremer's triumphant success, The Power Behind the Throne, is going beyond all of Manager Edward C. White's expectations. Nearly everywhere Miss Willard has been greeted by enthusiastic audiences, testing the capacity of the theatres. She is making as permanent an impression in the West as Mildred Holland did in the same play East.

HAVE COMPLETED THEIR DUTIES.

The Messrs. Fosburgh Conclude Their Duties at Freeman's Point.

The Messrs. Fosburgh, who have been doing some of the work at Freeman's Point, have completed their duties. The remainder of the work will be under the supervision of the officers of the White Mountain Paper company.

FULL DRESS AFFAIR.

The Thanksgiving evening dancing party of the Unity club connected with the Unitarian church is to be a full dress affair. The hall will be handsomely decorated and furnished with chairs, divans, etc., to give a drawing-room effect, by Miss May Shillaber, Mrs. Katherine Rich and Miss Ethel Jewett.

OBITUARY.

Fred C. Marden.

Fred C. Marden, a former resident of Portsmouth, died at his home in Greenland on Sunday, aged thirty-six years and eleven months.

RUNAWAY.

A horse attached to one of Gray & Prime's coal teams ran away on Market street this afternoon, but was stopped on Market square without any damage being done.

APPOINTED PURCHASING AGENT.

W. B. Douglas has been appointed purchasing agent of the White Mountain Paper company. His headquarters will be in this city.

WHEN REUBEN COMES TO TOWN.

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THE NEWSPAPER GETS THERE.

In the course of a recent lecture in Hartford, Conn., on "The Making of a Newspaper," Charles Hopkins Clark, of the Courant, said:

"How are you going to get at the public? Mail them circulars, and the waste baskets in paper houses give each a weary yawn, and the circular disappears unread. Call upon the people and explain the merits of your wares. The sign 'Our Busy Day,' hangs in business offices; in private houses you must ring the bell. Oftenest you are turned away. If you get in by any shrewd excuse, you cannot go beyond the hall or reception room—you are quietly watched in the interests of overcoats and umbrellas.

"But put a cleverly worded advertisement of these wares in a newspaper that has an established circulation in the city's home and business houses, and see what happens. You couldn't get in there yourself, but your advertisement is there on the breakfast table, in the library, in the parlor, in the sewing room, and when everybody is inquiring for the paper which can't be found, it is very likely during duty on the quiet in the kitchen. It is all over the house and wanted there. You are not. Similarly, at the office it is read and re-read, and part of the use of 'This is Our Busy Day' sign is to get the chance to read the papers. And it is interesting to note the advertisement has another than a commercial use. It is printed for business purposes pure and simple; but it is often read as news."

IN HARMONY GROVE.

The body of Madam Miglarla arrived here today and interment made in Harmony Grove cemetery, in the family lot.

IN OLD AGE the question of health becomes mainly a question of nutrition. If the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition are kept in a healthful condition there will be a well-nourished body, and little liability to disorders of the liver, bowels or such other disorders as may result from indigestion, malnutrition and lack of exercise.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, and also diseases of other organs which are caused by the diseased condition of the stomach. By enabling the perfect nutrition of the body it increases the vital power and promotes a vigorous old age.

"I was a sufferer from chronic diarrhea for five years," writes Mrs. Mary A. Aaron, of Rolla, Phelps Co., Mo. "I tried different remedies, which would give me relief for a short time only. My trouble would return as bad as ever. I consulted you in July, 1900, and by your advice commenced using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took two bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' three bottles of the 'Pellets,' and some of the 'Extract of Sarsaparilla,' as you advised. I have not had any return of my trouble since using your medicines. Am now seventy-one years old and I never had anything to relieve me so quick. I think Dr. Pierce's medicines the greatest on earth. Should I ever have any return of my trouble shall use your medicine. My thanks to you for your advice and thanks to Almighty God for restoring me to health through your hands."

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." There is nothing "just as good" for diseases of the stomach, blood and lungs.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, the best laxative for old people. They cure constipation and biliousness.

COAL AND WOOD

C. E. WALKER & CO.,

Commission Merchants

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Coal and Wood

Office Cor. State and Water Sts.

Gray & Prime

DRIVER

COAL

IN BAGS

NO DUST NO NOISE

111 Market St. Telephone 24.

FOR SALE—Carriage, Jobbing and Horse Shoeing Business. A rare chance for a young man to continue. Feasible had about 20 years. Terms liberal, as I am not able to run time in it. Apply to G. J. Greenleaf, block of Post Office.

INSURANCE—Strong companies and low rates. When placing your insurance remember the old firm, they & George. J. J. J.

GROCERIES—You can buy groceries, all kinds of meat, a provision and vegetables at W. H. Smith's as cheap as at any place in the city.

F. A. ROBBINS,

UPHOLSTERER

38 MARKET ST.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE

Chrysanthemums

Cut Flowers

—AT—

R. E. Hannaford's,